

A Special Report: 63 Ways to Strengthen the City

The \$5,000 Dinner for Two, by Dan Dorfman
Hustler's Larry Flynt Gives His Wife the Business

ONE DOLLAR

JANUARY 9, 1978

NEW YORK

**Who's
Got
It**

**How
They Got
It**

The New Power



In Town

**What
They'll Do
With It**

**By
Nicholas
Pileggi**

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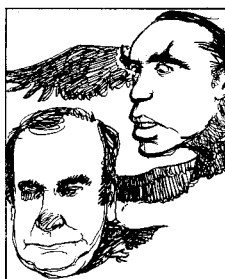
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Page 30

The 36 Who Run New York*By Nicholas Pileggi*

One traditional New Year exercise at *New York* has been to look at the way power is exercised in the city and to identify the real forces guiding (or, for that matter, obstructing) the city's progress. In looking at the emerging power scene, however, an interesting pattern has developed. Up front are, as usual, the people who made the headlines—here, in Albany, and in Washington. But there is also another power structure: the people around and behind the key power figures, who advise, suggest, and manipulate the actions of the public figure. In a sense, this hidden structure is the real New York power—these unknown people who pull the strings, hold the keys, and will continue to do so in New York as the new administration eases itself into place.



page 30

Page 34

Three Great Moments in New York's Political History*By Nicholas Pileggi*

A portfolio of some of the major events in the evolution—and eventual election—of our new mayor, Edward I. Koch, as re-created by some of the city's best graphic artists.



page 34

Page 37

Special Report: 63 Ways to Improve New York*Written by David Rosenthal and Ken Lerer, with Rinker Buck and Geraldine Hutner, under the direction of Michael Kramer*

As a new administration moves into control, every member is bound to have his own list of what's wrong with the city, and what's to be done. As a guide to New Yorkers—and, incidentally, to Ed Koch and his staff—we offer a special section on the city's ills as they are viewed by *New York* Magazine's political staff, with some suggestions of our own for dealing with them.



page 37

Page 51

Hustler's Mother*By Kathleen Maxa*

Now that Larry Flynt has been born again, as the expression goes, what of *Hustler*? Well, it looks as if the magazine has been born again too, sort of. It is now being run by Larry's wife, Althea, who seems to want to keep it going with all its former raunch intact, plus some religious input from Larry's new life. An unworkable mixture you say? That means you don't know Althea Flynt, a tough, dedicated woman, a born fighter, determined to make her magazine a success.



page 51

DEPARTMENTS

Page 8

The Bottom Line: Dinner for Two—Only \$5,004.20
By Dan Dorfman

The big spender was none other than a Queens bar owner who said, "The booze was terrific."



page 61

Page 10

Politics: The Congressman From Disney World*By Denis Hamill and Ken Lerer*

Congressional cut-up Richard Kelly from Florida is leading opposition to New York City's latest request for federal aid. He is a serious threat only because city officials are playing into his hands.

Page 58

Art: Nakian and Bladen, on the Streets*By Thomas B. Hess*

Some of the city's best sculpture isn't in galleries but outside on the streets.

Page 61

Theater: Hard Luck for the Irish*By John Simon*

Neither Shaw nor Beckett is well treated in recent productions of their plays.

Page 63

Brief Lives: The Grade-A Tuner*By Ellen Stern*

Franz Mohr, piano tuner to the stars, will be a key figure in Sunday's Horowitz concert.

Page 64

Movies: High Travoltage*By Molly Haskell*

Saturday Night Fever has its flaws, but it's worth seeing for John Travolta's work as star.

Page 66

Records: American Classic*By Alan Rich*

Bing Crosby, in his day, was a better singer than most people today realize.

Page 70

The Urban Strategist: The Garageless Sale*By Julie Maxey*

Got something to sell? Here are some experts who'll conduct a safe, honest tag sale in your own home.

Page 84

New York Page of Lists: A Complainer's**Phone Directory***By Terry Clifford*

Whom to telephone when you're mad.

MISCELLANYPage 5: **Letters**Page 7: **New York Intelligencer**Page 11: **In and Around Town**Page 60: **Best Bets**, by *Ellen Stern*Page 71: **New York Classified**Page 77: **Travel Services**Page 78: **Town & Country Properties**Page 80: **Sales & Bargains**, by *Leonore Fleischer*Page 81: **London Sunday Times Crossword**Page 82: **Competition**, by *Mary Ann Madden***Cover:** Illustration by Neal Adams/Continuity.

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LETTERS

Methadone Madness

I am president of Bendiner & Schlesinger, Inc., a firm in existence since 1813, which has maintained a medical laboratory at its present location since 1890. During that period of time, were it not for our high standards, we would not have attained a much envied and deserved position in the medical-lab field. Mr. Blake Fleetwood's article ["Psst, Kid . . . Wanna Be a Junkie? Try Methadone!" October 17] at the very least damages our reputation.

In his creative and imaginative style of writing, Mr. Fleetwood attempts to establish as a fact that the tests made at our facility of his urine were not properly performed. Nothing could be farther from the truth, nor can this implication be substantiated, nor is it warranted.

He does admit that prior to his coming to our facility he "had bought a bottle of methadone for \$15." Therefore, by his own admission, prior to our testing he had in his possession methadone. What he fails to state is that in order to obtain it, he had become "street-wise," but he carefully avoids telling us how and where he obtained his "smarts." We know that Mr. Fleetwood visited a number of clinics prior to his arrival at Lafayette Methadone Maintenance Treatment Center, and was turned down for admission into the clinic's methadone program.

This center sent him to us for various tests. One of these tests was utilized to determine the presence or absence of heroin and/or methadone. The results obtained clearly and unequivocally established the presence of methadone. The test is not utilized to determine the amount of drug present, but only whether or not it is present; therefore, when Mr. Fleetwood says our tests showed a "trace," this statement has no basis in fact.

Mr. Fleetwood says, "I have never taken any [methadone] in my life." Assuming the truthfulness of that statement, we then have the question of determining why our test results indicated the presence of methadone. . . . If he switched urine samples or, as is more likely, poured some of the methadone he admits having purchased prior to his coming to our laboratory into his urine sample, he could then truthfully state, "I have never taken any myself" without fear of contradiction.

It is, therefore, obvious that there

were at least three alternatives open to "street-smart" Mr. Fleetwood to make certain he passed (failed) the test: (1) take a small amount of methadone prior to his testing, (2) pour a small amount of methadone into his urine sample, or (3) obtain a urine sample from a methadone user and switch it with his

To infer it was some mistake on our laboratory's part casts a serious cloud of suspicion over our facility

We seriously believe his own article clearly places Mr. Fleetwood's credibility in doubt. . . .

Charles J. Schlesinger

President

Bendiner & Schlesinger, Inc.

As members of an Advisory Committee to the New York State Office of Drug Abuse Services, with considerable experience in the field of methadone maintenance, we, as well as many of our colleagues in the field of drug abuse, deplore Mr. Fleetwood's startlingly inaccurate article.

An investigation has brought to light inconsistencies in his published account:

□ The letter from his "aunt," submitted as evidence of his addiction history was a notarized statement on the letterhead of a prestigious firm.

□ The author was actually given 30 mg. of methadone on each of the two days he attended the clinic and not 50 mg. and 60 mg. as reported.

□ The medical director of the clinic, who happened to be dressed in casual attire rather than a white coat, was physically present at the clinic on each of the days that Mr. Fleetwood visited the clinic, despite the author's statement to the contrary.

In addition to the falsified reporting of his own clinical experience, the author totally distorts some basic facts regarding methadone maintenance:

□ An official I.D. card does not allow a patient "to get as much methadone as any addict could possibly want." Dosage levels are determined by the patient's needs and not his desires.

□ The author states that urine samples can be given on any day a patient chooses. In truth, urine sampling is established by a random selection procedure and must, with rare exception, be given on the designated day.

□ Reference is made to the potency of a 100-mg. dose of methadone; as a

point of fact, less than 9 percent of patients currently in treatment receive such a high daily dosage: The average is in the range of 55 mg.

□ The citing of statistics of narcotics deaths as an indictment of methadone cannot be supported by the facts.

□ The author states that "very few methadone patients are gainfully employed"; in fact, approximately 60 percent of the patient body is either employed, in school, or acts as a homemaker.

□ There is absolutely no truth to the statement that most patients continue to use illegal drugs; current data from major treatment programs in the city indicate that less than 20 percent of the patients continue to abuse drugs, with only about 8 percent involved in heroin use.

□ Despite his own personal experience, methadone, when properly administered, does not make one "very high." Illicit methadone is sometimes used for euphoric purposes, but so is airplane glue. . . .

The quotations attributed to Drs. Dole and Nyswander are taken out of context. Their article was dubbed "a scathing review of the methadone maintenance program"; in reality, the article restates their original hypothesis, namely, that medication alone is not rehabilitative, and that substantial supportive services in conjunction with proper medication are necessary. . . .

In total disregard of all available evidence, the author attempts to build the case that methadone programs neither rehabilitate heroin addicts nor have any impact on addict-related crime. . . .

Mr. Fleetwood's reporting of the economics of Dr. DeGiard's proprietary clinic is inaccurate. The clinic has six counselors, not two as the author states

The thrust and implication of the article is that the "bureaucracy" responsible for methadone maintenance is foisting an invidious treatment on both patients and the public

Heroin addiction continues to be a serious problem in New York City. In addition to the thousands of addicts currently in treatment, there are an estimated 130,000 hard-core addicts who are not receiving any treatment. High priority needs to be given to developing more successful rehabilitative programs and to finding the means of extending (Continued on page 6)

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(Continued from page 5) services to those who have not yet sought treatment. To this end, the strengths and weaknesses, and the successes and failures, of current efforts deserve authoritative scrutiny.

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Mr. Fleetwood replies: A couple of facts to set the record straight. Re the first letter: I did not take any methadone prior to my urine and blood tests; I did not pour methadone into my urine sample, nor did I substitute someone else's urine sample for mine.

Before I answer the other charges, there are some facts about Bendiner & Schlesinger that readers should know. It is the largest methadone-testing firm in New York City, and Lafayette Clinic does a substantial amount of business each year with B&S.

There is already considerable pressure to abolish private methadone clinics such as that on Lafayette Street. Former City Councilman Carter Burden introduced a bill in the last session to accomplish this.

The strange charge that I visited other clinics and attempted to get on their programs is untrue. The Lafayette Clinic is the first and only center that I applied to. I didn't have to go to any other clinics. I did visit some other clinics as a member of the press covering Carter Burden during his campaign after I had already registered at the Lafayette Street Clinic. I never applied anywhere else.

Mr. Schlesinger charges that "Mr. Fleetwood attempts to establish as a fact that the tests made at our facility of his urine were not properly performed." I imply no such thing. But I do imply that the \$2.50 paper chromatography tests that were used to test my urine are far from the perfect instruments that Mr. Schlesinger seems to think they are. The tests are frankly controversial. Dr. Bernard Bihari, who as overall head of all city-funded methadone programs is responsible for over a half million such tests per year, said to me in a tape-recorded interview, "The urine tests are terrible. There are as many false positives as false negatives."

The scandal in all this is that I, a middle-class journalist, could get on a methadone-maintenance program with-

out physical examination, without first being referred to a detoxification program, without ever having taken any heroin or methadone at all, and without having my fabricated background substantiated in any way whatsoever.

I have no reason to risk my reputation fabricating such pointless deceptions as the writers suggest. I know of nothing in my article on methadone that I feel I need to retract or for which I need apologize.

As to the inconsistencies mentioned in the second letter, the "letter from my aunt" was written by my wife on stationery borrowed from a neighborhood travel agent and notarized at my local drugstore.

As far as how much methadone I received, I can only repeat what my counselor told me. I was to get 50 mg. and 60 mg. and eventually be built up to 100 mg. a day.

As to whether Dr. DeGiarde was there any of the three days (for a total of fifteen hours) that I sat around in his storefront clinic, all I can say is that it is a very small clinic, and I was supposed to be waiting around to see him.

The claim that Dr. DeGiarde's clinic has six counselors, not two, contradicts what several patients and my counselor told me. In the three days I was there, I saw but two.

It is a matter of opinion whether an official I.D. card allows you to get as much methadone as you want. Granted some patients might want more than 100 mg., but not many!

At some clinics and centers, patients might have to give urine on a specific day, but at DeGiarde's I was specifically told that I could give a urine sample any day I pleased.

The charge about narcotics deaths is easy to verify. I quoted a report by the city's chief medical examiner, Dr. Dominick J. DiMaio.

The "fact" that 60 percent of methadone addicts report some form of employment, schooling, or homemaking does not refute my statement that "very few methadone patients are gainfully employed."

The assertion that "methadone does not make one 'very high'" is poppycock. No matter how you administer it, 50 mg. or 60 mg. of methadone is going to get anyone, including the Bionic Man, high as a kite.

As to whether I quoted Drs. Doyle and Nyswander out of context, I clearly admitted that they still support the theory behind methadone and I quoted them to the effect that methadone is not a panacea and must be supplemented by supportive services.

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Dakota Says No to Joey

Joey Heatherton won't be turning heads at the Dakota, the elegant cooperative on the Upper West Side, after all. Tenants, who include columnist Eugenia Sheppard, restaurateur Warner LeRoy, singer Roberta Flack, and ex-Beatle John Lennon, rejected her application on the grounds that she is "not serious enough."

The building's board requires all potential purchasers to come for an interview, but Ms. Heatherton, it seems, stood up the board on four separate occasions. Said one disgruntled board member, "Even John Lennon showed up for his interview."

HENRY GROSSMAN/TRANSWORLD FEATURE SYNDICATE



Heatherton: Out in the cold.

'Times' Mag: Collector's Item

The December 18 *New York Times Magazine* may become a collector's item for feminists. The reason: In a fashion piece on "What They're Wearing at Night," dress designer Mollie Parnis was referred to twice as Ms. Parnis. Several staffers, mostly women, were chided for the slip and reminded that "Ms." is a no-no at the *Times*.

'Harvard Law Review' Apologizes to New York Lawyer



Lubell: Senate subcommittee testimony during McCarthy era led to blackbaling.

The wheels at the *Harvard Law Review* turn slowly and preferably without anyone's notice. Now it is trying to make amends quietly for having blackballed New York attorney Jonathan Lubell a generation ago for refusing to answer questions before a Senate subcommittee that was Commie hunting in the McCarthy era. Although that vote long ago was secret, the list of those who participated might turn out to be embarrassing, because it includes some now prominent names: Harvard president Derek Bok; Andrew L. Kaufman, who now teaches ethics at the law school; Washington lawyer J. William Doolittle Jr.; and Phillip Areeda, also a law-school professor, who

served as counsel to President Ford.

Seems that back in 1953 Jonathan Lubell and brother David, now senior partners in the firm of Cohn, Glickstein, Lurie, Ostrin & Lubell, were students at Harvard Law. They were called to testify before the roving Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, then conducting a witch-hunt on "Communism and education." As described in Joel Seligman's book, *High Citadel*, a critique of the law school, the Lubells were not politically active at Harvard, but the committee wanted to ask them a few questions about their days as student organizers at Cornell.

Nothing doing, said the Lubells, who took the Fifth

Amendment and refused to answer most of the questions. Nothing doing, said Harvard, which promptly ostracized the pair, forcing them to resign from the *Harvard Law Record* and Jonathan from the Legal Aid Bureau. Later, when Jonathan's grades qualified him for election to the law review, third-year students took the unprecedented step of rejecting him by a vote of sixteen to eight. Now Harvard wants to take it all back. In December, the present 83-member editorial staff of the law review voted to offer him a printed apology and to make him an affiliate member. Lubell feels it's about time: "Their conduct was outrageous and atrocious."

—Rinker Buck

Literary Agent Sues His Writers

Writers beware—Scott Meredith may be the hottest literary agent in town (Norman Mailer, Spiro Agnew, Mickey Spillane, Judith Campbell Exner), but he can sue at the drop of a comma. Take the week before Christmas, for example. He filed three suits within a 24-hour period against writers long in his stable.

For openers, he sued Evan Hunter, author of *The Blackboard Jungle*, charging libel

and asking \$2 million in damages. Meredith claims that he was defamed in a letter Hunter wrote to *Bookviews*, a magazine about publishing.

On the same day, December 21, Meredith sued an old pal of twenty years, Ovid Demaris, author of *The Green Felt Jungle*. Meredith alleges that Demaris owes the Meredith agency an unspecified amount of commissions.

The next day, the agent slapped a suit on author-clie-

ent Warren Adler in another dispute over commissions.

JILL KREMENTZ



Meredith: In a litigious mood.

The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

DINNER FOR TWO: ONLY \$5,004.20

Holiday Special

About two years ago, the New York Times was swamped by an avalanche of angry mail in response to a story by food critic Craig Claiborne. The article was about a \$4,000 dinner Claiborne and a colleague had at a Paris restaurant, Chez Denis (since closed). (The tab was picked up by American Express as a result of a winning \$300 bid made by Claiborne on a TV fund-raising auction.) Indignant readers expressed moral outrage, complaining that it was an insensitive act in the face of massive poverty throughout the world and the very high rate of joblessness at home. Claiborne's defense that it was a serious dining experience, a gastronomical adventure, fell on deaf ears. After the furor, everyone agreed Claiborne's extravaganza would stand as a record for many years.

Not so. Claiborne was topped December 14 at New York's Palace restaurant. The tab for two (including tip and taxes): an incredible \$5,004.20. The tip alone came to \$878.60. No, the new record was not set by an Arab sheikh, a Texas oilman, David Rockefeller, or some relative of Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty. The new champions are two very ordinary people—none other than Queens restaurant and bar owner Peter Cipolla (a bachelor who was celebrating his forty-second birthday) and his long-standing girl friend, Jean Schaedle, a secretary at Citicorp.

Actually, the Palace, the country's most expensive restaurant, has a price-fixed menu of \$75 a person. But with additional wine and liquor costs, a 23 percent suggested tip (which is included in the bill), and taxes, the check generally runs about \$300 a couple.

How, you might well ask, could two people run up a \$5,000 bill if the maximum food costs are \$150? It's the booze, folks, which Cipolla and Jean liberally shared with the staff (they gave them several bottles of champagne) and with other patrons in the restaurant. Of the \$3,820 for food and drinks, \$3,670, or 96 percent, went for champagne, wines, and cognac.

Here's a rundown of the drinking spree, which included fourteen bottles of champagne and other wines:

□ Three bottles of Cristal cham-



Gourmand Cipolla: After the feast, hot dogs.

pagne (1971): \$225.

□ One bottle of Cheval Blanc (1945): \$595.

□ Four bottles of Bollinger Blanc de Noirs (1969): \$400.

□ Two bottles of Richebourg Domaine de la Romanée-Conti (1962): \$550.

□ Four bottles of Dom Pérignon (1969): \$300.

□ Twenty shots—\$80 each—of Gaston Briand Le Paradis, an 1880 French cognac: \$1,600.

In comparison, the Claiborne dinner consisted of 31 dishes and nine wines, and it's estimated that his wine costs were no more than \$1,000.

Cipolla and Jean's gastronomical excursion—they dined from 7:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.—included lobster with truffles, fish pâté with goose liver, lobster bisque, mussel soup, swordfish, a combination of crayfish and oysters, and angel's hair spaghetti. Entrées were rack of lamb and squab. Desserts included frozen soufflé with strawberries, petits fours, apple tarts with brandy, chocolate-mousse cake, chocolate truffles, and a variety of cheeses.

Cipolla, who owns Peter's Back Street, a bar-restaurant in Bayside, Queens, is no stranger to the Palace. About two years ago he ran up a tab for two (with a different girl) of \$1,987.70. Obviously he's no skinflint, since he could have eaten in his own restaurant, which features Italian-American food and where the tab averages only \$30 a couple. But Cipolla

doesn't believe he overpaid. "It was well worth it, a good experience," he says. "The food was excellent and the booze was terrific. The only thing you take with you in life is what you have in your belly. Besides, Frank [Frank Valenza, the Palace's owner] is getting divorced and could use the money."

One must marvel at Cipolla's generosity, since his yearly income, he tells me, is about \$40,000. That means he blew about 12.5 percent of his year's earnings on just one meal. Actually, it was more than that, since he gave the hatcheck girl a separate \$100 tip and each of the two busboys \$50. Alas, the Palace didn't totally satisfy Cipolla: Afterward, he went on another \$100 drinking spree at the Plaza and at P. J. Clarke's—where he guzzled beer at \$1.25 a glass.

Cipolla may give the Palace a rave review, but not Jean Schaedle. "There was nothing wrong with the food," she says. "It was reasonably good but not the best I've had." Was anything outstanding? "The soup with something like oysters in it. I think it's called oyster bisque." And she recalls she also had noodles "with black stuff in it [truffles], but it wasn't one of the highlights." As for those expensive wines: "All very strong-tasting. I wasn't too crazy about them."

It may well be, though, that Jean's palate was affected somewhat because she had a snack—some shrimp and drinks—shortly before she went to the Palace.

We did a little research and found that the \$5,000 dinner, by even the most liberal calculations, ran nearly \$1,000 above what it costs to feed a family of four in the United States for an entire year (the Department of Agriculture puts the figure at \$4,104). Further, out of the 158 world nations, 136 have a family per-capita yearly income of less than \$5,000. Also, there are 745,800 households in New York City that earn less than \$5,000 a year.

The usually publicity-conscious Frank Valenza was reluctant to talk about the \$5,000 dinner, because of the outcry that greeted Claiborne's \$4,000 dinner. In fact, at first he denied it. Later, though, Valenza, whose restaurant took down at least a \$1,200 profit on the \$5,000 meal, told me: "I was shocked and amazed and I'd never do it . . . but why knock Santa Claus?"

"Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it."

"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

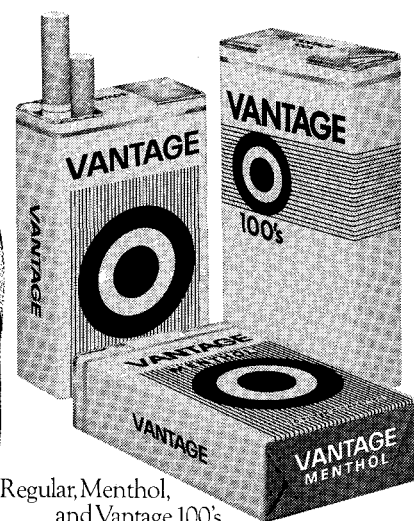
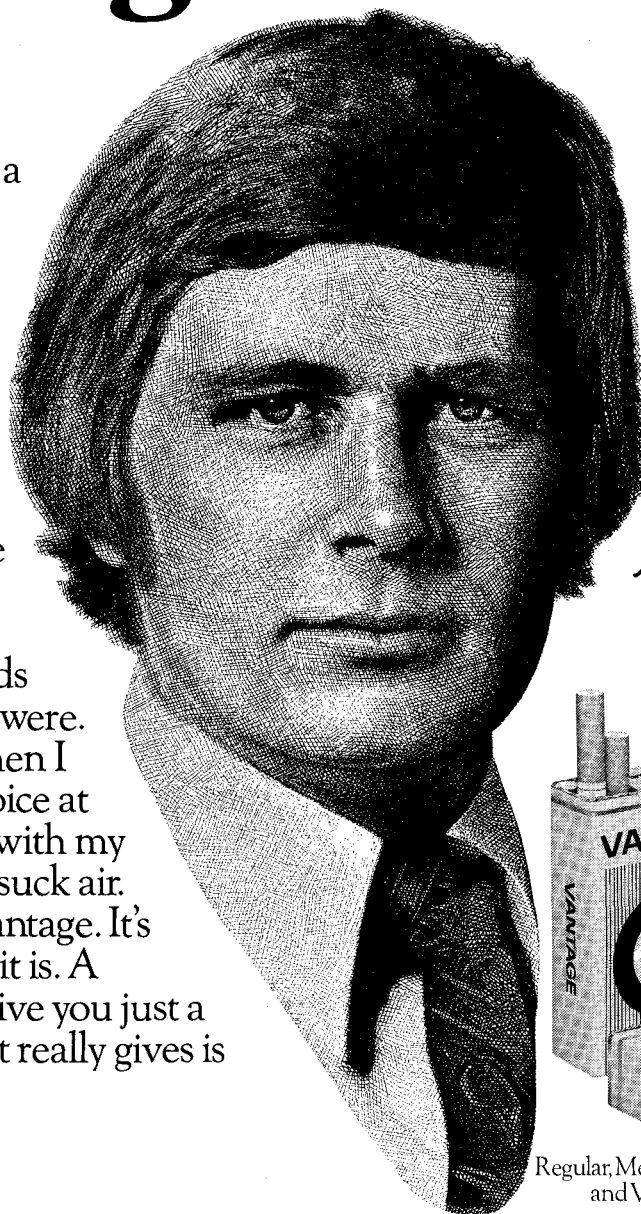
"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is

a lot of taste. And with much less tar than what I'd smoked before.

"What am I doing about smoking? I'm smoking Vantage."

G. S. Cooper
G.S. Cooper
Edmonds, Washington



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Politics/Denis Hamill and Ken Lerer

THE CONGRESSMAN FROM DISNEY WORLD

The Game of Chicken

"You people up there live high on the hog, way beyond your means. Then you come to the federal government with your hand out asking for more and more and tell us if we turn you down you're going to lie down, kick, and cry bankruptcy."

The "crybaby" is New York City and the words belong to Congressman Richard Kelly, whose central-Florida district includes Orlando and Disney World. For three full days, here and in Washington, committees of both the House and the Senate were scrutinizing the city's plea for a renewal of the federal loans that have kept us afloat since 1975. Kelly's Mickey Mouse histrionics provided the only moments of humor and color late last month during day-long hearings held in Manhattan by the House banking subcommittee.

In Washington, Senate banking committee Chairman William Proxmire of Wisconsin was firing tough, provocative questions at every witness, friend or foe of the beleaguered city.

□ Proxmire to Governor Hugh Carey: Why has the state not done more for the city?

□ Proxmire to SEC Chairman Harold Williams: You may have ruined men's reputations by leaking preliminary findings. When are you going to issue your final report on the city's finances?

□ Proxmire to Citibank executive committee chairman Edward Palmer: You're the biggest bank in New York and you're not doing enough.

The most remarkable note in the entire review—here and in Washington—was not the barrage laid down by angry congressmen like Florida's Kelly but rather the glib, almost lackadaisical attitude of the city's politicians and bankers. "All these people are throwing the word *bankruptcy* around like a Frisbee," commented incredulous Big MAC Chairman Felix Rohatyn. One bewildered aide to Governor Carey agreed that the passion had gone out of the city's pitch: "There isn't the same intensity, the same seriousness, that there was three years ago. It's like learning to live with the atom bomb—you get used to it."

During last month's congressional tribunals our elected leaders and their surrogates may have seemed blasé about



Kelly of Florida: "You live high on the hog."

the continuing fiscal malaise, but Kelly and his country-boy counterpart, Senator Jake Garn of Utah, were clearly fighting mad. Garn, who leads the Senate fight against more New York loans, simply doesn't believe the city would go bankrupt if federal aid is denied this time. "New York politicians kept saying this would happen three years ago," scoffed the senator. "Nothing ever happened. So I called them liars to their faces."

Congressman Kelly, who rallied the opposition in the House, is equally prepared to bait our bad-news bears. What if, he asks rhetorically, we end all rent control immediately? What if we reduce welfare stipends? What if the unions are made to take a 10 percent pay cut? Kelly even goes so far as to consider major pay cuts for the city's fire department: "Other cities make sacrifices of this sort."

This harsh judge of New York City learned his skill at the interrogatory while a justice of the circuit court in Pasco and Pinellas counties, Florida. But New Yorkers aren't the only ones who have questioned his judgment. The Florida legislature did fifteen years ago. They impeached Kelly in 1963, charging tyrannical abuse of power. During the impeachment proceedings a colleague claimed that Judge Kelly was arrogant, erratic, often strange in his rulings—not unlike Captain Queeg. Although the Florida house voted to impeach, the state senate voted 23 to 20 in Kelly's favor. Kelly wisely never took the stand in his own defense.

The congressman beat another removal attempt in 1968 but has since

found a low profile unbecoming. Last month his antics delighted the audience at the hearings held by his banking subcommittee on the fifty-eighth floor of the World Trade Center. The congressman from Disney World is convinced that the twin devils of city default are the unions and welfare. "The unions have forced industry out of the city. The uniformed services are the highest-paid in the U.S. of A. And welfare? City politicians keep jacking up the rates to get the ghetto vote. No doubt about it."

The congressman's pocketbook morality apparently applies only to areas like the South Bronx. South Korea is another matter. How could Kelly vote against a loan to New York City but for more aid to that repressive Asian satrapy? "Easy," the judge replies. And then the kind of follow-up that would bring tears to the eyes of John Wayne: "Communism, my boy. Communism."

Richard Kelly doesn't believe in reincarnation either and for that reason is not won over by Ed Koch's new conservative faith. "Well, I'm a little skeptical of a man with an ultra-liberal voting record in Congress making good on conservative campaign promises as mayor of New York City. I've never met a man who made a 180-degree political turn and stuck by it. Just more of the same, if you ask me."

Senator Garn of Utah, a far more articulate and thus more dangerous critic of New York's extravagance, nevertheless shares the congressman's budgetary schizophrenia. Garn, putting bombs before butter, didn't even bother to show up at his committee's hearings. Instead, he was holding a press conference elsewhere in Washington, calling for the construction of two B-1 bombers for only \$965 million.

More hearings on the city's loan requests will continue throughout the spring. The real problem so far is not the opposition of outlanders like Kelly and Garn but the naïve belief of our own local and state officials that the federal government will continue to underwrite the city's largess. Only a few of our own seem finally to sense how dangerous that fiction may prove to be. "Gentlemen," said Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan at the final Senate hearings last month, "this game of chicken will resume in January."

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

January 3 through 10

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings

In the late thirties, a star pitcher and catcher (Billy Dee Williams and James Earl Jones) decide to go it on their own and form a barnstorming team. What captivates us here is the acting. Williams happily blends the qualities of the dedicated actor and matinee idol. Jones demonstrates that he is at his best in down-to-earth comedy laced with a winsome touch of seriousness. In fact there is not a loser in the entire large cast. 1/7 at noon, Museum of Modern Art.

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio de Sica's next-to-last film shows the once exciting neo-realist director well after all the "neo" was gone, and with very little of the realism left. A sentimental tale about a young working-class wife exploited by her mean husband and in-laws. Having contracted TB she is sent to an improbably lush government-operated mountain sanatorium. Here she makes interesting friendships, and almost finds love and happiness with an absurdly lyrical young worker before her former life reclaims her. Despite the fascinating but inappropriate presence of Florinda Bolkan in the lead, this can best be described as "The Magic Molehill." 1/3, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Children of Theatre Street—Behind-the-scenes action in Russia's Kirov ballet school, in the form of a documentary about three youngsters. Directed by Robert Dornheim and Earle Mack. Cinema Studio.

Chloe in the Afternoon—The last French director Eric Rohmer's *Six Moral Tales* (*My Night at Maud's*, *Claire's Knee*, etc.) aglow with ambience of the Parisian workaday world, is an appealing, engrossing and finely acted story of a cool young businessman, devoted to wife and child, who is attracted by a cool, calculating manipulator of men. 1/4, Bleecker St Cinema.

The Choirboys—Directed by Robert Aldrich, and based on the novel by Joseph Wambaugh, film tells of ten policemen and what they do on their days off, as well as on. With Charles Durning, Louis Gossett, and many, many others. RKO Cinerama II; 86th St E; Trans-Lux East.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Death in Venice—Luchino Visconti at his most rotten-ripe. To make a movie from Mann's novella was a bad enough idea; to make this movie, unforgivable. Sumptuous decor and costumes; middling photography of Venice (still something to look at), uninspired performance by Dirk Bogarde, and a lot of pretentious nothing besides. Even Mahler gets badly played on the sound track. 1/7, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

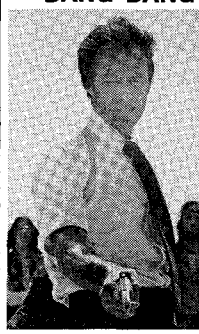
La Dolce Vita—An apocalyptic film by Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni is the journalist whose cynicism and indifference allow him to observe other people as a mirror of himself. Film closed with predictions about the seventies that do not seem too far-fetched. With Anouk Aimee, Anita Ekberg, and Alain Cluny. 1/3, Cinema Village.

Equus—Peter Shaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by

Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how desiccated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Quad.

The Firemen's Ball—Milos Forman at his heavy-handed worst: a ponderously unfunny movie about firemen holding a beauty contest and making asses of themselves and the unfortunate contestants. Condescending jokes of staggering banality are topped, however, by a political allegory topheavy enough to crush the break out of any semblance of merriment. 1/4, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

BANG BANG—YOU'RE DEAD



Clint Eastwood in *The Gauntlet*, his new movie which he directed and stars in, is as riddled with holes as the various shelters and vehicles in which he and Sondra Locke find themselves under mass attack. It's just another story of a man and a woman squeezed between two super powers, in this case the mob and the Phoenix-Las Vegas police forces. National, Columbia I; U.A. East.

The Goodbye Girl—Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Loews Tower East.

Heart of Glass—Sepp Muller and Volker Prechtel star in Werner Herzog's picture, filmed in Bavaria, Switzerland, Utah, Wyoming, Alaska, and Ireland, telling of the owner of a glass factory who becomes obsessed with finding the lost formula for a precious ruby-colored glass. Quad.

High Anxiety—The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/homage to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton; Cinema III.

Iphigenia—In Michael Cacoyannis's film, Euripides' drama comes into focus, transcending its modern cinematic treatment. Irene Papas's Clytemnestra is predictably monumental, and Tatiana Papamoukou's Iphigenia is ephemeral, her scampering movements suggesting the sacrificial lamb all too literally. Her complex martyrdom is one of the most extraordinary epiphanies in all drama, and whatever the inadequacies of Cacoyannis's conception, we should be grateful to have it on the screen at all. Plaza.

Julia—Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Cinema I.

The Lacemaker—Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude (The Invitation and The Wonderful Crook) Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Fine Arts.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. Loews State I; Loews Orpheum; RKO 86th II; New Yorker; Waverly; D.W. Griffith.

The Man Who Loved Women—Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

The Marquise of O...—Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. 1/4, Bleecker St Cinema.

Mr. Klein—A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolved quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. 68th St Playhouse.

Nashville—Despite certain obvious flaws, such as too much dreary country music, imperfect allegory, and a continuity and characterizations that suffer from too much chopping, this is an important and compelling film with a rich texture, good social observation, some unforgettable scenes, and generally fine acting. 1/6, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

1900—Bertolucci's film is a chronicle of the peasant-landowner struggle from 1900 to 1945 as it transpires on the estate of the aristocratic Berlinghieri family. Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu are fine, but as attractive as they are, to sit four and a half hours for their dorsal view (preferable to the frontal view displayed in an embarrassing sex scene) is too high a price to pay. Festival.

Oh, God!—John Denver, in his feature film debut, portrays a supermarket manager who talks to God, played, of course, by George Burns. With Teri Garr, Donald Pleasance; directed by Carl Reiner. Embassy 46th.

Outrageous!—A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Art.

The Passion of Anna—One of Bergman's two finest films since *Persona*, incomparably superior to *Cries and Whispers*, and prefiguring (and surpassing) much of *Scenes from a Marriage*. Aside from being a profound document about the impossibilities of love relationships, this film is a veritable compendium of technical achievements, and contains some of the most marvelous color cinematography, in the subtlest tones, ever seen. 1/4, Cinema Village.

Pete's Dragon—A musical fantasy combining live action and animation, telling the story of a 9-year-old orphan whose dragon friend playfully outrages a New England town just after the turn of the century. Radio City Music Hall.

Saturday Night Fever—As the disco champ of Nick Cohn's *New York Magazine* piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Loews Cine; Loews State II; 34th St E.

Semi-Tough—Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at

best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. *Baronet*; Criterion.

Short Eyes—Written by Miguel Pinero, film is far from being a grim tract on prison conditions or the institutional dehumanization of the poor. With its Curtis Mayfield score and exuberant ethnic acting, the film combines authentic funk with what can only be called entertainment values. Yet the sense of theater is indigenous to Pinero's characters, men who begin at zero and lay claim to their square of turf through stylized gesture and idiom of "personality." Quad; RKO Cinema.

Smile—Film is a quasi-journalistic re-telling of what happens during the final selection in Santa Rosa of the Young American Miss contest, and says mean truths about mean lives, but it is not mean-spirited. It plays fair with people who beg to be ridiculed by giving all, or almost all, of them moments of generosity, of near-insight even. The film is funny, sobering, and strong, and directed by Michael Ritchie. 1/4, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Sorrow and the Pity—A four-hour-twenty-minute film that holds you transfixed from beginning to end. Starting out as a documentary about one French town during the Occupation in World War II, it spreads in concentric circles—through careful interviews with the famous, the obscure, and the infamous, as well as much superbly used previous film footage—to cover France, Germany, England, mankind. It is history and philosophy combined, but also brilliant filmmaking. Above all, it refrains from easy answers about its panoply of war and peace, courage and cowardice, justice and injustice, loyalty to others and persecution of them. If ever a film came close to presenting the full mystery of human nature—without arrogantly presuming to solve it—this is it. 1/5, Bleecker St Cinema.

A Special Day—Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Gramercy; Quad.

Star Wars—George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond 2001. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

The Sting—Although George Roy Hill's film about little gangsters fleecing a supergangster does not hold water, it steadily holds the interest. There is a breezy facility here that carries us over the glaring loopholes, and the spirited cast headed by Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw entertains us royally, however slick and slender their material may be. There is also a captivating score based on Scott Joplin rags, and a decent period look appealingly photographed. Good, mindless fun. 1/5 at 2:30 p.m. Museum of Modern Art.

Telefon—The premise of Don Siegel's new movie is outrageous enough to be fun. Briefly, a bunch of Soviets have been substituted for dead Americans, but are Cold War plants—they have been hypnotized to sabotage American explosives factories when someone with the right formula pulls their mental trigger. Charles Bronson, in Russian uniform, plays the brightest and best mind in Soviet intelligence, believe it or not. Loews Orpheum; Loews Triplex; Greenwich.

That Obscure Object of Desire—Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin*. Columbia II.

The Turning Point—Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a

Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

The World's Greatest Lover—This tale of a barber who, with his wife (Carol Kane) goes to Hollywood and finds himself a star candidate in Paramount's search for its own Valentino, is yet another of those frenzied comedies about the early days of Hollywood. Take Gene Wilder, a manic figure, bearable only in small doses—he has become progressively less funny since *The Producers*, and his bid for comic-romantic stardom here is simply excruciating, like one of those nightmares of embarrassment from which one hopes to awaken much relieved. Beekman, Murray Hill, Paramount.

BATTER UP!



Saverio Marconi plays the part of the son and Omero Antonutti the father in a scene from the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, *Padre Padrone*, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, telling about a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until he was 20. Cinema II.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Outrageous!*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Semi-Tough.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The World's Greatest Lover.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 1/3, *The Sword of Doom*; *Hoodlum Soldier*. 1/4, *Chloe in the Afternoon*; *The Marquis of O*. 1/5, *The Sorrow and the Pity*. 1/6, 7, *Horsefeathers*; *Animal Crackers*. 1/8, 9, *Queen Christina*; *Two-Faced Woman*. 1/10, *High and Low*. *Kagera*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 1/3, *A Brief Vacation*; *Cleo from Five to Seven*. 1/4, *Smile*; *Fireman's Ball*. 1/5, *The Marriage Circle*; *The Shop Around the Corner*. 1/6, *Nashville*. 1/7, *Conversation Piece*; *Death in Venice*. 1/8, *Lawrence of Arabia*. 1/9, *The Maltese Falcon*; *Satan Met a Lady*. 1/10, *Bay of Angels*; *The Pied Piper*.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia*.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Padre Padrone*.

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *High Anxiety*.

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *The Children of Theatre Street*.

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 1/3, *La Dolce Vita*. 1/4, *Persona*; *The Passion of Anna*. 1/6, 7, *Freaks*; *The Night of the Hunter*. 1/8, 9, *Jailhouse Rock*; *That's the Way It Was*. 1/10 *Alice in the Cities*; *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick*.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Gauntlet*.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *That Obscure Object of Desire*.

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Turning Point*.

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Semi-Tough*.

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*.

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Annie Hall*.

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *Which Way Is Up?*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Choirboys*.

Embassy I, 46th at Bdway (757-2408). *Oh, God*.

Embassy II, III, IV, 7th Ave nr 47th (575-7788). II & III, *A Piece of the Action*. IV, *The Spy Who Loved Me*.

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Oh, God!*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose*.

Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). 1900.

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Lacemaker*.

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Piece of the Action*.

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *A Special Day*.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Telefon*.

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Summerdog*.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point*.

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars*.

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *Saturday Night Fever*.

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Telefon*.

Loews State I & II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. II. *The Goodbye Girl*.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *The Goodbye Girl*.

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Which Way Is Up?* II. *The Gauntlet*. III. *Telefon*.

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The World's Greatest Lover*.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 1/3, noon, UPA cartoons; 2:30, *Le Corbeau*; 6 p.m. *A Countess From Hong Kong*. 1/5, 2:30, *The Sting*; 6 & 8:30, *There's Always Tomorrow*. 1/6, 2:30, *Airport*; 8 p.m. *Le Corbeau*. 1/7, noon, *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*; 2:30, *The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid*; 5 p.m. *The Day of the Jackal*. 1/8, noon, *Silent Running*; 2:30, *The Ipcress File*; 5 p.m. *Le Crime de Monsieur Lange*. 1/9, 2:30, *Taking Off*; 6 p.m. *An Evening With Roger Jacoby (Knust Life)*. 1/10, 2:30, *There Was a Father*; 6 p.m. *What's Happening*.

National, 919 3rd Ave (486-0333). *The Gauntlet*.

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*.

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 1/5, *You Light Up My Life*; *Murder by Death*. 1/6-12, *Heroes*; *Airport 77*.

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *The World's Greatest Lover*.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women*.

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448).

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Iphigenia*.

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Equus*. II. *Short Eyes*. III. *A Special Day*. IV. *Heart of Glass*.

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave betw 50th & 51st (246-4600). *Pete's Dragon*.

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 1/3, 4, *Odd Man Out*; *Dead of Night*. 1/5-7, *Jules and Jim*; *La Strada*. 1/8, 9, *La Ronde*; *Orpheus*. 1/10, 11, *The Virgin Spring*; *The Naked Night*.

RKO Cinema I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366).

I. *Short Eyes*. II. *The Choirboys*.

RKO 86th I & II—at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Short Eyes*. II. *Looking For Mr. Goodbar*.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 1/3, *Heroes*; *The Sting*.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304).

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Mr. Klein*.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety*.

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 1/3, *Henry the Fifth*; *As You Like It*. 1/4, 5, *Le Million*; *Under the Roofs of Paris*. 1/6, 7, *Sabotage*; *Marty*. 1/8-10, *The Soldier's Tale*; *Madame Butterfly*.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). Thru 1/3, *King King* (the original); *It Came from Outer Space*.

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Saturday Night Fever*.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The Choirboys*.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Oh, God!*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Gauntlet*.

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (354-5636). *Which Way Is Up?*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 1/3-8, Richard Foreman: Video. 1/10-15, Vito Acconci: *The Red Tapes*.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, January 3

ADULTERY ENTERTAINMENT



Doris Roberts and **Lou Jacobi**, together with Rosemary Murphy and Jack Weston, all star in **Cheaters**, a new domestic comedy by Michael Jacob about adultery. Directed by Robert Drivas. Previews start tonight prior to a 1/15 opening. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

"I'LL NEVER GROW UP"



Mary Martin stars with Anthony Quayle in a two-character comedy by Aleksei Yelept **Do You Turn Somsaults?** It takes place in a health resort in Riga and tells of the relationship between a doctor and a former circus performer. Directed by Edwin Sherwin. Previews start tonight prior to a 1/9 opening. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

November People—Jan Stearling and Cameron Mitchell in a play by Gus Weil about the effects on a family when their politician father returns home after a jail sentence. Directed by Arthur Sherman. Previewing now prior to a 1/10 opening. Billy Rose, 208 W 41st (391-3999).

CURRENT

The Act—Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brassiness, pathos, and desperate energy. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

An Almost Perfect Person—A play about a widowed woman lawyer (Colleen Dewhurst), narrowly defeated in the race for Congress, who finds solace in consecutive flings with her campaign manager and treasurer. Directed by Zoe Caldwell. Essentially a TV play with perhaps a touch of extra sex. Belasco, 111 W 44th (JU 6-7950).

Annie—*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the

drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two—Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Imperial, 249 E 45th (CO 5-2412).

THEY WENT THATAWAY



Len Cariou and **Martin Balsam** star in **Cold Storage**, the new Ronald Ribman drama about two men, one a fruit and vegetable man, and one an investment advisor in fine art, who meet on the roof garden of a hospital and engage in a battle to discover the secret of the universe. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

A Chorus Line—Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Dracula—Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf—Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

The Gin Game—A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Golda—William Gibson has written a cheap, and oversimplified version of the life of Golda Meir. Shoddy direction, sets, and lighting, with, for the most part, indifferent-to-bad actors. The exception is Anne

Bancroft, who, through sheer talent, never lets a two-note part grate on us. Gibson has tried to combine the unstageable business of warfare with scenes from the very discreet Mrs. Meir's life—and because the public events dwarf the private, *Golda* remains shadowy and stereotypical. Morosco, 217 W 45 (246-6230).

Grease—Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife—Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I—The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show—A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!—Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Saint Joan—The wonderful thing about any Shavian play is the play of intellect in it. Here there are actually flashes of lyricism, and what's more important, the sheer luminescence of Shaw's restlessly revolving intellect. However, Lynn Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress—that she is, simply is not Saint Joan. Instead of a substratum of full-brooded country lass, she has a fundamentally urban quality: nervous, exacerbated, clever, neurotic, shrill. Thru 2/19. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

NEW ARRIVAL



Stephanie Gordon is the latest member to join the cast of **Gemini**, Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard which is at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be needed. Innaurato writes extremely well and Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Same Time, Next Year—Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

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Side by Side with Sondheim—Hermione Gingold, Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox—Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Robert Preston, minus 76 trombones, plays the arch conniver. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

A Touch of the Poet—Jason Robards, Milo O'Shea, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Kathryn Walker in the revival of Eugene O'Neill's last complete play, directed by Jose Quintero. Hellen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz—Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God—The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Allegro—The 1947 musical with music by Richard Rodgers and book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, directed and choreographed by Bill Koch, with musical directed by Mark Goodman. 1/12-29, Tues thru Sun at 8; Sat and Sun mat at 2:30. Equity Library Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

Annie and Arthur—Michael Shulman's new play about love and insanity, with Diane Tarleton and Tom Coble. 1/6-8, 13-15, 20-22, at 8 p.m. \$2.50. Performing Gallery, 42 W 15th (777-3055).

The Apple Tree—A musical diary of Adam and Eve, by Mark Twain, music and lyrics by Harnick and Bock, directed by Milburn Melhop. 1/5-7, at 9:30. \$3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Birdbath—One of the great Leonard Melfi's small masterpieces, directed by Alison MacKenzie. 1/6, 7, 8, 9, at 8:30. Admission by contribution. Don't miss it, it's a very unusual love story. IRT Lab, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Black Body Blues—Gus Edwards play in repertory with *The Offering*, directed by Douglas Turner Ward, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue (OR 4-3530).

Block Party—A romantic ghetto tragedy by Joseph Lizardi, directed by the author, about the last tenants remaining in an almost burned-out building in the South Bronx. 1/12 thru 22. Free. Henry St Playhouse, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

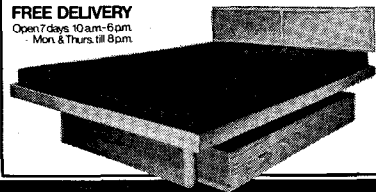
Cabin 12—John Bishop's play, directed by Marshall Oglesby, about a father and son searching for the dignity of death. Tues thru Fri at 11 p.m. 1/3-20 (1/15 at 7 p.m.). \$3. Circle Repertory 99 7th Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Cappella—A new play by David Boorstin and Israel Horowitz, starring Sol Frieder and Allan Wasserman. 1/6-22. Off Center, 436 W 18th (929-8299).

The Club—It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

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BROTHERS II

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Clizia—Nicholas Machiavelli's play, directed by Catherine Ruello. From 1/6, Fri thru Mon at 7:30. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

CSC Repertory—Ibsen's *Rosmerholm*; Jean Genet's *The Maids*; Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and John Arden's *Sjt. Musgrave's Dance*. CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

The Contessa of Mulberry Street—About the price a family must pay for their passion, pride, and guilt, set in New York's Little Italy. By Nicholas Bellitto, directed by Gene Frankel. From 1/4. Gene Frank Theater, 342 E 63rd (391-1072).

Don Juan in Hell—GBS's classic, Thurs thru Sat, thru 1/13. Medicine Show, 45 E 20th (982-2986).

Double Bill—Lamorisse's *The Red Ballon*, and O. Henry's *The Last Leaf* and *The Gift of the Magi*. 1/6, 7. \$3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Drama Committee Repertory—Stephen Crane's *Blue Hotel*. Chekhov's *Ward Six*. Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. All shows \$3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

The Dybbuk—A new translation by Mira Rafalowicz, directed by Joseph Chaikin, of the classic folk story. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

East Lynne—Mrs. Henry Wood's play, directed by Dorothy Stuart. Fri & Sat at 9:30; Sun at 4 p.m. 1/13-2/5. \$3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Elusive Angel—Jack Gilhooley's play about baby buying on the black market. Directed by Stephen Robman. Thru 1/8. Marymount-Manhattan, 221 E 71st (730-0794).

Epicoene—The Silent Woman—Van Johnson's comedy, directed by Sam Hochman, choreographed by Ned and Nora Rotante, with an original score by Bruce Lieberman. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 2:30 & 7:30. From 1/5. \$6, 7. Pilgrim Theater, 240 E 3rd St (473-9360).

The Fantasticks—Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fefu and Her Friends—Obie award-winning play written and directed by Maria Irene Fornes. Tues thru Sun, 1/6-2/5. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

A Fine Summer Night—Michael Shurtleff's play, directed by Tom Hill, is a comedy dealing with the involved love relationship of two older people. Performances nightly thru 1/8, at 7:30. \$2.50. Corner Loft, 121 University Pl, at 13th (582-4240).

Frankie and Annie—Diane Simkin's play set in an experimental treatment center details the growing friendship of two girls. Directed by Paul Schneider. Wed thru Sun at 7 p.m. \$3. Upstage, Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Green Pond—Stephanie Cotsirilos, Christine Ebersole, Richard Ryder, and Stephen James in a contemporary musical by Mel Marvin and Robert Montgomery. A Chelsea Theater Center production, it deals with human relationships. Westside Theater, 407 W 43rd (541-8395).

Hablemos a Calzon Quitado—A provocative comedy in Spanish by Guillermo Gentile, directed by Max Ferra. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 4:30 p.m. Thru 2/5. \$4. Intar, 508 W 53rd (247-6776).

How Do You Live With Love?—Paul Hunter's four-story comedy, directed by Bruce Minnix. Thurs thru Sun (mat at 3 p.m. Sun), 1/5-22. \$3.50. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (571-7594).

The Imaginary Invalid—Moliere's piece, directed by Luigia Miller. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun mat at 6. Thru 1/17. Riverside Theater, 2710 Bdway at 104th (864-9672).

Henry's Daughter—Cavada Humphrey in a one-woman play about the first Elizabeth of England. Thru 1/6. \$2.50. VanDam Theater, 15 Van Dam St (675-0498).

Jean Cocteau Repertory—*The Cocktail Party*; Ibsen's *Love's Comedy*. Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

K—A dramatic response to Franz Kafka and his work, directed by Garland Wright, with impressions from *The Trial*, staged by The Lion Theater Company.

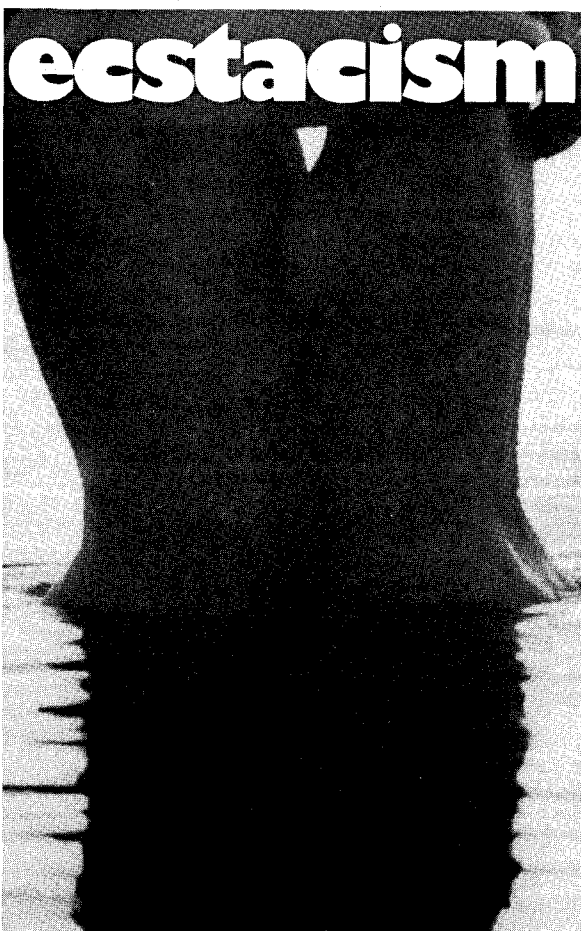


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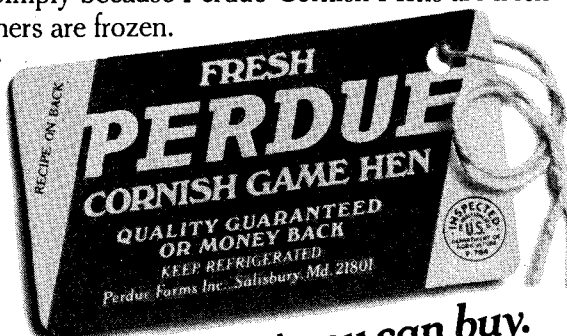
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Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5 & 9; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 1/22. \$4. West Side Airlines Terminal, 460 W 42nd (947-4224).

Lady Windermere's Fan—Oscar Wilde's drawing-room comedy directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. 1/6-29. \$3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Laughing Stock—A satirical revue with music and improvisation. Fri at 8:30, Sat at 8 & 10:15, Sun at 8. Thru 2/5. Garriss', 225 W B'dway (226-9299).

Mama Sang the Blues—A comedy-drama by Katherine Cortez about the pain and pleasure of life with an unusual mama, played by Jacqueline Brookes. Directed by Teresa Hayden. Thurs thru Sun, 1/12-2/5 at 7:30 p.m. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

A Man and His Woman—Craig (*Outrageous!*) Russell stars in an evening of theater, music, and humor. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 8 & 11 p.m. Sun at 3 & 7. Theater East, 211 E 60th (355-7025).

The Mandrake—The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourt, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsuited but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Misanthrope—A musical version of the Moliere comedy, with English verse translation by Richard Wilbur, and music by Margaret Pine; Directed by Leonardo Shapiro. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

My Astonishing Self—Drawn from the lectures, pamphlets, diaries, letter and miscellaneous public utterances of George Bernard Shaw, entertainment, devised by Michael Voysey, covers the life of the playwright/critic. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 3 & 8; Sun at 3 p.m. From 1/16. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Never Waste a Virgin—Andrea Balis and The Cutting Edge play Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. \$5. Wonder Horse, 84 E 4th St (533-1250).

Oedipus—The Performers Group's production of Seneca's play, directed by Richard Schechner. Tues thru Sun at 7:30, thru 1/15, \$3 & \$5. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

The Offering—Gus Edwards's play is, as only a very few works by black playwrights are, basically absurdist, and draws its inspiration from Pinter. After ten minutes, with hardly a word spoken and virtually no action, we are catapulted into intensities made more striking through contrast with the preceding inertia. Douglas Turner Ward plays Bob Tyrone, the protagonist, and is also the director. St Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave (Closed).

THE VENICE STRANGLER



Earle Hyman has the title role in *Othello*, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen De Lavalade, and Leon Morenzio. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m. \$7.95 weekdays; \$8.95 weekends. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Passion of Dracula—A totally new version of the Count's adventures by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

A Photograph—A new work by Ntozake Shange, author of *For Colored Girls...*, in multi-media with a musical underscoring by David Murray; Oz Scott directs. Public/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Play and Other Plays—Three one-acters by Samuel Beckett, directed by Allan Schneider. Wed thru Sun at 9; Mat Sat & Sun at 2:30. To 1/15. Manhattan Theater Club Downstairs, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Playwrights Horizons—Three plays in repertory. Sam Shepard's *Angel City*; Len Jenkin's *Gogol*, and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes*. \$3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

The Real Inspector Hound—Tom Stoppard's play, directed by Robert Pesola. Fri thru Sun at 7:30. 1/13-2/12. \$3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Royal Repertory—GBS's *Candida*, Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal*, every Sunday at 4 & 7:30. \$3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Separate Tables—Terrence Rattigan's play, 1/5-29, Thurs & Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7; \$2.50. Morgan's Old New York Tavern, 134 Read St (226-8928).

Soho Repertory—Ronald Duncan's *Abelard and Heloise*. Pablo Picasso's *Four Little Girls* (from 1/7). Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas*, by Emilio Carballido; *La Dama Duende*, by Calderon; *La Fiaca* by Ricardo Talesnik. Suite Latinoamericana—two one-acters by Talesnik and Carballido. All plays in rotating repertory thru January and February. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

El Super—Written and directed by Ivan Acosta, this tragic-comedy is presented in Spanish. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 6 p.m., thru January, 1978. \$4. Cuban Cultural Center, 601 W 51st (586-8564).

The Troupe Repertory—Upstairs: Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Downstairs: Anton Chekhov's *Three Sisters*. Thru 1/22, Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. \$3. Upstairs, at the Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Two by Mishima—*The Lady Aoi* and *Kantan*, two modern plays inspired by themes from ancient NOH classics by Yukio Mishima, translated by Donald Keene. With an Asian-American cast directed by Jon Teta. \$3. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30; 1/19-2/5. Open Space in SoHo, 64 Wooster St (966-3729).

Ulysses in Traction—Albert Innaurato's biting, bitter comedy about a university drama department under siege. Marshal W. Mason directed Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 1/8/78. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Vanities—Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground (*The Group*, *Grease*, etc.), but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

The Water Engine—A new play by David Mamet, directed by Steve Schachter. Thru 1/28. Cabaret at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

The Way of the World—William Congreve's play, directed by Steven Keim, is a restoration comedy with verbally duelling lovers and crafty, lecherous dowagers. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. 1/12-29. \$3. New York Theater Ensemble, 62 E 4th St (447-4120).

Women I Have Known—An evening with one American woman, about many, written and performed by M. Tullis Sessions. \$3. Thru 1/22. IRT, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library—6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça—403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Cafe Fanny—Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambience and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Strauss Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Catch a Rising Star—1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Club Ibis—151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Saturdays, 8:45, 11:30 & 1:30 a.m. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip—1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana—10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. The Dennis Scott Duo 5 to 9, Mon thru Sat. The Rick Scott Trio from 10 thru 9. Downstairs disco is open Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (PL 5-6010).

MORDANT MORT



Comedian **Mort Sahl** gives you what for at **Dangerfield's** nightclub, 1118 First Avenue, from January 6th for a whole month. Shows are at 9:30 p.m. then again at 11:30 p.m. nightly. For reservations try calling 593-1650.

Gaslight Club—124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist Dick Haddy; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's *Speakeasy Four*, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Improvisation—358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's—131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio are here nightly, except Sun, from 10 p.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Kostails—1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's—239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Lorelei—233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Once Upon a Stove—325 Third Ave. Valentine Room, entertainment Mon at 9 & 11; Tues and Wed at 11 p.m. Per usual Cabaret '77 plays at 9, Tues thru Sat, with an extra show at 11, Thurs thru Sat (683-0044).

Playboy Club—5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: 1/7, comedian Ben Powers. Lainie's Room: 1/3-7, singer Julius La Rosa. 1/8-14, Ben Powers (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill—65th floor, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Thru 1/14, Keely Smith! Mon thru Sat, at 9:15 & 11:30 p.m. (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room—65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. 1/3-22, Stan Rubin and his orchestra play for dancing (PL 7-9090).

Reflections—40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roma di Notte—137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hide-away caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland—239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend.



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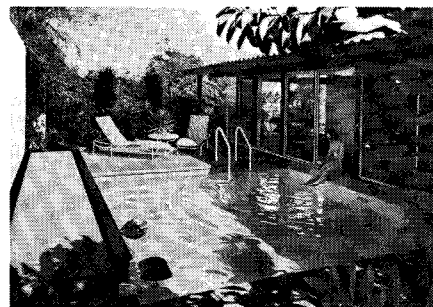
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Bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (CI 7-0200).

Shepherd's—Park Ave & 56th. The High Lads and a Lass (singers, musicians, and comics), appear Mon thru Sat, thru 1/7. Continuous disco dancing. (421-0900).

Starship Discovery #1-350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex. 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Wed thru Sun (695-1114).

Touches—190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

NEVER ON MONDAY



Aris San heads the two-hour revue (with singers and bouzouki players, and bellydancers, and dancing waiters) at **Sirocco**, the Greek-Israeli nightclub at 29 East 29th Street. Shows are presented each Tuesday through Saturday at 10 p.m. and 1 a.m. (683-9409).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe**: Bobby Short plays Tues thru Sat from 9:45 p.m. Michael Carney's here Mondays from 9:30, and takes over from Bobby on 1/3 for 3 weeks. **Bemelmans Bar**: Teddy Wilson plays Mon thru Sat from 9:30 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe**: This place is elegance on elegance. The prices are rarefied, and if you can spring for it, you'll be pleasantly surprised to find that the usual brand of hotel music has been replaced by the melodious 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio. He plays quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Ask him to play "Nuages." Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's**: Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, Thru 1/7, Strawberry (a trio). 1/9-2/4, the New York Rubber Rock Band. **The Falstaff Room**: Pianist Yvette Souvion, 6:30 to 11:30, Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant**: Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Ole King Cole**: Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5:30 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.

Call for latest information as to when and where They're playing.

Arthur's Tavern—57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly—16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Axis in Soho—463 W. Bdw. Jazz in this comfortable art gallery-turned-night club. 1/6, 7, the Roland Alexander Group. 1/8, Arthur Blythe, and the Da Capo Chamber Players. 1/13, 14, Arnie Lawrence's Treasure Island. 1/20, 21, Brass Proud (228-0882).

Barbara's—78 W 3rd St. 1/6, 7, The Tiny Grimes Trio (473-9326).

Bar None—167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have estab-

lished a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

HI-HO SILVER!



Fred Silver, composer/lyricist, stars in "Sterling Silver," a musical entertainment of fourteen great songs. Assisting him are Bette Glenn, Joseph Porter, and Gordon Ramsey. Thru January 8th, at **The Ballroom**, 458 West Broadway. Call 473-9367 for reservations.

Beefsteak Charlie's—12th St & Fifth. 1/4-8, Richard Muhall Abrams. 1/11-14, Mal Waldron Trio. 1/18-21, Hal Galper and Lee Konitz Trio (675-4720).

Christy's Skylite Gardens—64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery—University Pl at 8th St. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy—45th St & Vanderbilt Ave. A genuine New Orleans restaurant, with the Buddy Tate Trio (Jim Roberts on piano; Ronnie Cole on drums) here thru 2/10. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil—59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever. Sundays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Daphne Hellman, harpist, with guitarist Ed Berg & bassist Tomka (688-0018).

David's Harp—131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Great Aunt Fanny's—340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's—First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck Wayne, and an iron-toned basist, Jamil Nasser. 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Jacques'—210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Jorge Rios plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. He has a fine rhythm section and if nothing grabs you during one set, stay for another, and then a third; there's always one moment during the evening when he challenges himself and plays a trumpet solo that will warm your head for days. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays and Sundays, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fridays, 5:30 to 8, the Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's—1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, a gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, a natural singer, and a walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thursdays thru Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he duets with Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Lone Star Cafe—13th St & 5th Ave. Country-western entertainment & food & dancing. 1/9, Ellen Kingsley; 1/10, 11, Stella Parton; 1/12, 13, Good Brothers (242-1664).

Marty's—1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub—211 E 55th. Thru 1/28, a tribute to the music & genius of George Gershwin, by pianist Dick

Hyman, drummer Bobby Rosengarden, trumpeter Pee Wee Irwin, bassist Milt Hinton, and Bob Wilber (clarinet & sax) From 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II—61 E 55th. Plush place with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardio entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Oliver's—141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Stephen Marks and Natalie Gilbert, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's—915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for blugrass (751-5470).

Onde's—160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's—39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Reno Sweeney—126 W 13th. Wed thru Sat, singer Blossom Dearie, 6 p.m. to 7:30 Thru 1/8, Charles Ludlam in *The Ventriloquist's Wife*, at 9 & midnight. (691-0900).

Sacred Cow—228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Stryker's—103 W 86. Mon, Dave Matthews Big Band. Tues, Joao Palma sextet. Wed, Nightflyte (874-8754).

Tavern on the Green—(in Central Park—Just tell the cabbie, he'll take you)—Elm Bar: Pianist-singer Ronny Whyte performs Wednesday thru Sundays from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (873-3200).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Wed-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdw. at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Star Wars Concert, Minskoff Theater, 200 W 45th St. (869-0550). Music—by the American Symphony Orchestra—from *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Concerts

Tuesday, January 3

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.

Community Holiday Festival, Alice Tully Hall, 7:30

Olewsky Trio, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Jury's Irish Cabaret From Ireland, Carnegie Hall, 8.

Bijan & Holly Yakouboff, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:15.

Wednesday, January 4

Elizabeth Matesky, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Marian Thompson & Donald Hassard, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Piotr Paleczny, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Choral Noontime, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., at 12:10.

John Gibson, Whitney Museum Downtown, at 12:30.

Thursday, January 5

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Luis Rojas, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Convivium Deliciae, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Gary Steigerwalt, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

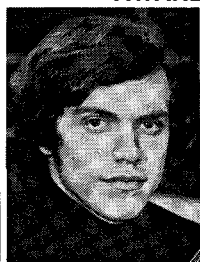
Frank C. Smith, Grace Church, Bdw. at 10th St., at 12:30.

Friday, January 6

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.
Alexander Sung, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore Music Room, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Community Holiday Festival, Alice Tully Hall, 7:30.
Mary Elizabeth Stephenson, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Jazz Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Robert Ashley, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Saturday, January 7

AWARD WINNER



Eugene Fodor, grand prize winner in the Tchaikovsky International Violin Competition in 1974, will perform at Brooklyn College's Walt Whitman Hall on Saturday, January 7 at 8. The program will feature works by Brahms, Bach, Paganini, and Prokofiev. He will be accompanied on piano by Judith Olson (859-1180).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Vasyliunas Violin & Piano Duo, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Alsop-Bernstein Trio, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Continuum, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Robert Ashley, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Concert Party, 269 W 72nd St. (873-5173), at 8:30.
Alexander Schneider/Walter Trampler/Laurence Lesser/Lee Luvisi, Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. (586-4680), at 8.
Da Vinci Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Chamber Music, P.S. 99, 82-37 Kew Gardens Rd. (849-6997), at 8:30.
Boone Creek, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (427-1488), at 8.

Sunday, January 8

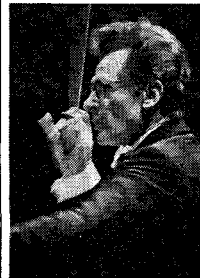
Stefanie Chase, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 2.
New York Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall, at 4.
Andrea Kapell Trio, New-York Historical Society, at 2:30.
Mount Royal Brass Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
New York Kammermusiker, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St., at 2; Immanuel Lutheran Church, Lexington Ave. at 88th St., at 5.
Janet Steele, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Dale Livingston, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Alexander Schneider/Walter Trampler/Laurence Lesser/Lee Luvisi, The New School, 66 W 12th St. (741-5689), at 11 a.m.
Cleveland Quartet, Hunter College, 68th St. between Lexington & Park Aves. (421-8900), at 3.

Monday, January 9

Music With Jens Nygaard, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Christina Cha & David Garvey, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Soho Ensemble, O.K. Harris Gallery, 383 West Bdwy (799-7890), at 8.

Tuesday, January 10

HAPPY BIRTHDAY



The Minnesota Orchestra is celebrating its 75th anniversary with a gala concert on Tuesday, January 10 at 8 in Carnegie Hall. The group's Music Director, **Stanislaw Skrowaczewski** (left), conducts and the program features Isaac Stern performing the New York premiere of Penderecki's *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* (247-7459).



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Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
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Opera

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TEMPTATION AHEAD



James McCracken is Tannhäuser and **Grace Bumbry** is Venus in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Wagner's classic, which is being sung this week on Thursday and on Monday at 8. The cast also includes Leonie Rysanek, Kathleen Battle, and John Macurdy. The conductor is James Levine; the director is Otto Schenk; the designers are Gunther Schneider-Siemssen and Patricia Zipprodt (580-9830).

Tues, 1/3 at 8: **Il Trovatore** with Arroyo, Cortez, Merighi, Wixell. Conductor: Patané; director: Merrill; designers: Colonello & Reppa. Wed, 1/4 at 8: **Der Rosenkavalier** with Jones, Grist, Troyanos, Rintzler. Conductor: Hager; director: Merrill; designer: O'Hearn. Thurs, 1/5 at 8: **Tannhäuser** with Rysanek, Bumbry, Battle, McCracken. Conductor: Levine; director: Schenk; designers: Schneider-Siemssen & Zipprodt. Fri, 1/6 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Dunn, Jones, Kraft. **Pagliacci** with Mauti-Nunziata, Vickers, MacNeil. Conductor: Patané; director: Zeffirelli; designer: Zeffirelli. Sat, 1/7 at 1:30: **Der Rosenkavalier** (Same cast as 1/4). Sat, 1/7 at 8: **Il Trovatore** (Same cast as 1/3). Mon, 1/9 at 8: **Tannhäuser** (Same cast as 1/5). Tues, 1/10 at 8: **Il Trovatore** (Same cast as 1/3).

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *La Bohème* 1/7 at 7:30, 1/8 at 2:30.
Bronx Opera Co., Bronx High School of Science, 75 W 205th St. (931-9500). *Don Pasquale*, 1/7 at 8, 1/8 at 2.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Merry Widow*, 1/4 at 2 & 8:30, 1/5-6 at 8:30, 1/7 at 4 & 8:30, 1/8 at 4.
New York Lyric Opera, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (874-1993). *Mignon*, 1/5 at 7:30, 1/6-7 at 8, 1/8 at 3.
Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. (864-1700). *Don Giovanni*, 1/6 at 7:30, 1/7 at 2:30 & 7:30, 1/8 at 2:30.

Dance

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Tues, 1/3 at 8: *Swan Lake*; *Pas de deux*; *Allegro Brillante*; *Serenade*. Wed, 1/4 at 8: *The Goldberg Variations*; *La Valse*. Thurs, 1/5 at 8: *Divertimento No. 15*; *Monumentum/Movements*; *Scherzo Fantastique*; *La Valse*. Fri, 1/6 at 8: *La Source*; *Episodes*; *Vienna Waltzes*. Sat, 1/7 at 2: *Divertimento No. 15*; *Agon*; *Sonatine*; *Who Cares?* Sat, 1/7 at 8: *La Source*; *Dances at a Gathering*; *Divertimento No. 15*. Sun, 1/8 at 1: *Swan Lake*; *Mother Goose*; *Western Symphony*. Sun, 1/8 at 7: *La Valse*; *Pas de deux*; *Agon*; *Stars and Stripes*. Tues, 1/10 at 8: *Swan Lake*; *Firebird*; *Other Dances*; *Western Symphony*.

OTHER

Diane Boardman & Dance Co., American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 1/6-7 at 8, 1/8 at 3 & 8.
Mary Ittelson, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (924-0077), 1/5-6 at 8.
Riverside Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. (864-2929). *Isadora Duncan Centenary Dance Co.*, 1/5-7 at 8, 1/8 at 2.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Karel Appel-Dutch expressionist sculpture and graphics, thru 1/7. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).
Larry Bell/Eric Orr-New print editions by both, thru 1/30. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).
***Stanley Boxer**-Polished marble abstract sculpture in odd, elongated shapes, thru 1/5. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).
Calvert Coggeshall-Works, 1/3-21. Parsons, 24 W 57th (C17-7480).
Solomon Ethe-Ethereal recent paintings, thru 1/7. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).
Jan Faust-Drawings by this contributor to the New York Times, Washington Post, others, 1/3-21. Summers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).
John Gundelfinger-Landscape oils on paper, thru 1/12. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).
***Nancy Hagin**-Realist paintings, 1/3-21. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).
***Hans Hofmann/Kenneth Noland**-1930s and 1950s brush and pen and black ink drawings/Geometrically shaped canvases of painted fields and bands of color at the edges, thru 1/11. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0124).
***Jasper Johns**-Screen prints, thru 1/7. Alexander, 20 W 57th (757-3721).
Robert Llimos-The mediterranean in paint, thru 1/8. Genesis, 41 E 57th (751-7220).
***James McGarrell**-Figures in dramatic-erotic interiors, plus linear and tonal preparatory drawings, thru 1/5. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).
***Louise Nevelson**-Recent black wood sculptures, plus a dark cavernous garden of reliefs suspended over mirrors, thru 1/7. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA 1-3292). Church, 619 Lex Ave (935-2200).
***Ed Oates**-Miniature quasi-Egyptian environments populated with gold and silver figures, thru 12/30. Jackson, 52 E 57th (PL5-6778).
Branko Paradis-Yugoslav primitives, thru 1/7. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).
***Ludwig Sander**-Charcoal drawings, 1933 to 1959, of Positano, Colorado landscapes, and abstract interiors, thru 1/5. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).
Stephen S'Soreff-Large drawings on canvas-backed paper, thru 1/3. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).
Frank Stella-Prints, including two new editions, thru 1/28. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).
***Franciszka Themerson**-Thick impasto, palette-knife paintings, drawings and theatre design by this

Warsaw-born artist, thru 1/7. Gruenebaum, 38 E 57th (838-8245).
Vivienne Thaul Wechter—Eight large oil abstractions and a book-length poem, thru 1/4. Cortella, 41 E 57th (832-2355).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Jose Francisco Bellorin—Still lifes, thru 1/30. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.
Peter Berg—Objects, thru 1/6. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).
Varujan Boghosian—Watercolors, collages and drawings, 1/4-28. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).
Michael Decain—Space and color abstracts, watercolor illustrations and calligraphic renderings for Petrarch's sonnets, 1/5-2/1. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).
***Niki De Saint-Phalle**—Wall pieces and sculpture, including brightly colored *Nanas* and penguins, thru 1/21. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).
***R. Buckminster Fuller**—40 drawings from 1927 to 1977, including such futuristic inventions as Dymaxion House, and geodesic domes, thru 1/14. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.
***Charles Garnier**—Architectural studies for the Paris Opera, thru 1/14. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).
***Boris Margo**—Surreal landscapes and space-fantasies of the 30s and 40s, thru 1/7. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).
***Joan Mitchell**—New, powerful, abstract landscapes, thru 1/14. Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980).
John Oppen—Recent paintings, 1/3-27. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).
***Richard Piccolo**—Realist paintings and drawings, thru 1/7. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).
Burton Silverman—Oils and watercolors painting people, thru 1/7. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).
***Randall Timmons**—Recent works seen for the first time here, 1/7-26. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).
***Andy Warhol**—Portraits of great world athletes, thru 1/7. Kerr, 49 E 82nd (628-1340). Mon-Sat 10-5.
Mariyo Yagi—Rope sculpture, thru 1/14. Hadler, 35 E 20th (533-4645).

SoHo

***Frances Barth**—Recent paintings and drawings, 1/4-28. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).
Maude Boltz—Works, thru 1/11. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).
Cris J. Cristofaro—Works from Chicago, 1/3-28. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).
***Walter De Maria**—Stainless steel sculpture composed of 13 related geometric units, thru 1/31. Friedrich, 19 Waverly Pl (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.
Tom Halsall—Busy, ecstatic abstractions, thru 1/12. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).
***Jeff Hoone/George Miller/Lucio Pozzi**—Color photos/Morocco in paint/A walk-through situation, thru 1/7. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).
Kazuko Inoue/Roslyn Streifer—Paintings by both, 1/5-28. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995).
***Andrew Jansons**—Contrasting dark- and light-filled area abstractions, 1/3-28. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).
***Christopher Knowles**—Works created on a typewriter, 1/7-28. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).
***Arthur Levine**—Drawings of merchant and war ships, plus panoramic views of American cities, 1/6-25. Prince St, 106 Prince (636-1912).
Jim Nutt—New work, thru 1/7. Kind, 139 Spring (925-1200).
Peter Plagens—A circular shape on a pastel ground on canvas or paper, thru 1/12. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).
***Jake Severance**—Subtle still lifes, 1/7-28. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).
Daniel Teis—Abstract expressions of calm and stress, thru 1/8. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).
***Robert Wilson**—Recent drawings and photostats, thru 1/21. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).
Yun James Yohe—Works on paper, 1/3-12. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131). By appt., Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

OTHER

Cynthia Carlson—A huge gingerbread house of plastic and wood, thru 1/13. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6.
Maxwell Hendler/Alan Siegel—Watercolors/Chair

sculpture/19th century American Indian art, thru 1/7. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).
***Mies van der Rohe**—A graphic explanation of the Seagram Plaza, his only building in NYC, thru 2/1. Seagram Building (4th fl), 375 Park Ave (572-1168). Mon-Fri 10-4.
Anne Parker—Sky and seascapes of Ipswich, Massachusetts/Drawings by Alpuy, Borgatta, Evans, others, thru 1/28. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).
Paul Rand—Graphics, thru 1/14. Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lex at 30th (689-5722).
***Tony Rosenthal**—A monumental steel girder construction titled *Hamarskjold*, thru 1/31. Hamarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).
Teru Yoshida—A two-part series of lead drawings with women in stars and stripes, plus suburbia, thru 1/3. WIA, 549 W 52nd (246-6569). Mon-Fri 2-8.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Hamilton—20 W 57th (765-5915). New works by Hare, Murray, others, thru 1/7.
Phoenix—30 W 57th (245-5095). Gallery artists for the holidays, thru 1/12.
Spectrum—30 W 57th (246-2525). Winter sports seen in all media, 1/1-2/28.
***Taylor**—30 W 57th (489-9874). Nudes and owls by Archipenko, Miro, Rauchenberg, others, thru 1/4.
***Truman**—38 E 57th (688-3516). Postcards and other mail art, thru 1/7.
***Zarre**—41 E 57th (752-0498). Contemporary American geometric abstractionists, thru 1/7.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Acquavella**—18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5. Contemporary pictures and sculpture by Caro, Christo, De Kooning, Stella, others, thru 1/14.
***African Tribal Arts II**—37 E 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Helmet masks and headpieces from West and Central Africa, 1/1-31.
BlumHelman—13 E 75th (249-5350). Jenney, Nauman, Shapiro, and Serra, 1/1-31.

What happened when one of the country's most gifted and subtle writers, Leonard Cohen, met the Tycoon of Teen, Phil Spector, is a matter of heated discussion these days.

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—*Milwaukee Journal*

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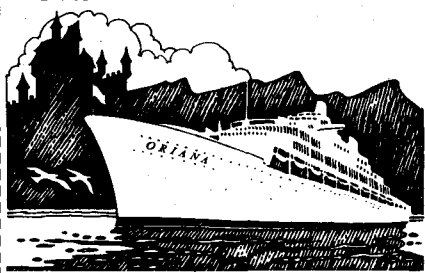
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- ***Reinhold Brown**—26 E 78th (RE4-7999). More than 20 Art Deco posters from France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Holland, thru 1/31.
- Canty**—50 E 78th (794-9855). Japanese Ukiyo-E prints by Chikanobu, Kunisada, Toyonobu, others, 1/1-31.
- Cityana**—16 E 53rd (752-2079). Gouache and tempera paintings of New York by Tom Naegele, thru 1/7.
- Cucalón**—145 E 72nd (472-8741). Colette, Dudley, Rifka, others, thru 1/31.
- Douglas**—22 E 72nd (879-7392). Naive works in all media by 14 artists, thru 1/21.
- Elements**—766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Teapots, some witty, sculptural or functional by 30 ceramists, 1/10-2/25.
- Fabian**—760 Mad at 65th (988-7122). Mon-Sat 11-6. International naive art, thru 12/31.
- Gallery Naive**—1288 Mad Ave (427-9283). Naive work from France, Israel, Haiti, Yugoslavia and Mexico, thru 1/31.
- ***Grolier Club**—47 E 60th (838-6690). Medieval manuscripts and rare books from the Walters Art Gallery collection, including Sannazaro's poems, 1535, thru 2/5.
- ***Harlow**—1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6. Fashion/watercolors and prints by Brunelleschi, Duffy, Vincent, thru 1/14.
- Ingber**—3 E 78th (744-3158). Kites, thru 1/4.
- ***Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies**—8 W 40th (398-9474). 24 houses designed by architects Gwathmey and Siegel, thru 1/5.
- ***Laboette**—9 E 82nd (535-4865). Crotti, Hockney, Klee, Seligmann, thru 1/31.
- L'ibis**—667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and amulets from Egypt, thru 3/6.
- ***Nicholls**—1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs by Addams, Arno, Booth, Saxon, others, thru 1/28.
- ***Sabarsky**—987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 2/25.

SoHo

- Artists Space**—105 Hudson (226-3970). Members works and silent auction, thru 1/7.
- Boone**—420 W Bdw (966-2114). Darton, Hart, Mogens, Stephan, and Uglow, 1/7-2/2.
- Braunstein/Quay**—139 Spring (925-1200). Ceramic sculpture by Brady, Breschi, Hooven, others, thru 1/14.
- Bromm**—90 W Bdw (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6. Four installations, including Knoebel's electrical circuits and Smith's architectural patterns, 1/3-28.
- ***Buecker & Harpsichords**—465 W Bdw (260-3480). Art and documentation from the Guild Art Gallery, a 57th street establishment of the 30s including Aronson, Gorky, Gross, others, 1/7-2/25.
- Cayman**—381 W Bdw (966-6699). Wed-Sat 11-6. Geometric abstractions by 5 Latino-Americans, thru 1/7.
- Double U**—60 Thomas (349-7628). Tues-Sat 12-6, Sun 12-4. Contemporary drawings, thru 1/7.
- ***Drawing Center**—137 Greene (982-5266). Original works commissioned for postcards by Brainard, Dine, Steinberg, Ashbery, others, thru 1/7.
- First St**—118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6. Painting and sculpture by Davidson, Zwerling, others, thru 1/4.
- ***Sperone Westwater Fischer**—142 Greene (431-3685). Recent art from Europe, thru 1/7.
- Hubris**—150 Thompson (982-1827). Paintings by Aebi, furniture by Gross, textiles by Shelton, thru 2/4.
- Key**—130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6. Collages, mixed media by Saltzman, Welsh, others, thru 1/22.
- ***Sculpture Now**—142 Greene (966-3066). 22 Cornell alumni sculptors, among them Artschwager, Fine laNoue, Matta-Clark, others, thru 1/14.
- 2nd Floor**—97 Greene (226-1518). Six expressionists, thru 1/31.
- Soho** 20—99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6. Invitational with Abramson, Holup, Tardi, thru 1/4.
- ***Solomon**—392 W Bdw (925-1900). 15 artists and self-representation, including Africano, Brainard, Knowles, Zucker, others, thru 1/4.
- ***Tenth Street Days**—The cooperative galleries of the 50s, including 185 works from 1952 to 1962 by Camino, Hansa, Pearlstein, Segal, Wesselmann, many others shown at 6 Soho centers: Eno, 101 Wooster; 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson; Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl; Pleiades, 152 Wooster; Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince; Landmark, 469 Broome, thru 1/7. For info (252-0132).

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Terrain—141 Greene (777-4426). Tues-Sat 1-6. Miniature prints, drawings, paintings, thru 1/19.
Ward-Nasse—131 Prince (925-6951). Color abstractions by Allen, land-sea-air by Damon, color grids by Goldstein, thru 1/5.

OTHER

African-American Institute—833 United Nations Pl (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 20 African artists living in America, thru 1/14.
Avery Fisher Hall—Cork Rm, Lincoln Center, 63rd at Bdwy (929-6688). Works in all media by the Organization of Independent Artists, 1/4-17.
***Center for Inter-American Relations**—680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Ecuadorian Art, thru 1/22.
***China Institute**—125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Ceramics, paintings, and calligraphy from I-Hsing, China, thru 1/29.
Faber—666 5th Ave (586-8411). Mon-Sat 10-6. Imaginary beings in gold and silver, inspired by Jorge Luis Borges, thru 1/4.
F.L.T.—7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues, Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Decorative arts by faculty, thru 1/7.
NY Public Library—5th at 42nd (790-6551). Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. WPA prints from the 30s and 40s, thru 2/28/Monographs on ship, train, and airplane models, thru 2/1/Documents relating to Thomas Edison and the phonograph, thru 3/25 at Astor Gallery, Lincoln Center.
Songwriters' Hall of Fame—One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.
Spanish Institute—684 Park Ave (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6. Modern Spanish graphics, thru 1/14.
Waverly—103 Waverly Pl (477-6710). Thurs-Tues 12-5. Paintings by Avery, Green, Schermond, others, thru 1/22.

Photography

***American Museum of Immigration**—Base of the Statue of Liberty (732-1236). Daily 9:15-5. *Italian Americans: A pictorial essay from 1875 to 1977*, thru 1/29.
***Alice Austen**(1866-1952)/**Chansonetta Stanley Emmons**(1858-1937)—Worlds that are no more, thru 1/4. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.
Marion Bernstein/Abu Simbuu—A Bedford Stuyvesant neighborhood/Ghana, thru 1/14. Bedford Stuyvesant Restoration Center, 1361 Fulton St, Bklyn (636-7888).
Camera Club of NY—37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6. Members, thru 1/16.
Michael Grayson Levine/Christopher Makos—Photos, thru 1/7 Foto, 492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.
***Philippe Halsman**—Life magazine portraits and imaginative studies done in collaboration with Dali, thru 1/29. Prapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).
David Hamilton—Romantic and erotic views, thru 1/23. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).
Jeff Hoone—Color motion shots, thru 1/7. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113). Thurs-Sat 12-6.
***Yousuf Karsh/Eadweard Muybridge**—Portraits of Churchill, Hemingway, O'Keeffe, others/Landscapes in the Yosemite Valley in California in 1872, plus motion studies, thru 1/7. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).
Kodak—1133 6th Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *The Fun and Fascination of Trains*, thru 1/7.
***Light**—724 5th Ave (582-6552). NYC as a motif in 75 studies by 50 artists, including Stieglitz's *Icy Night* and Newman's *Robert Moses*, 1/4-28.
***Soho/Stieglitz**—34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6. Portraits by Aronberg, glamor by Hart, ice formations on windows by Yost, others, plus Wall Street by Gatewood, 1/3-31.
***Karl Struss**—Pictorial essays of NYC and California by this protege of Stieglitz, 1/3-2/11. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).
Philip Thorneycroft Teuscher—People and locations, thru 1/30. Motal, 18 W 45th (228-1633). Mon-Fri 9-6.
***Zabriskie**—29 W 57th (832-9034). Sculpture seen through the photographer, including Brancusi's visions of his own work, Sheeler's studies of Zorach's wood pieces, Strand's interpretation of Lachaise, others, thru 1/14.

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Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Peru's Golden Treasures*: A 2,000 year period that represents the pre-Inca cultures; thru 1/15. *Azurite and Gold*: Two magnificent mineral specimens; thru 1/31.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *The History of Fashion Photography*; thru 1/8.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. thru 1/31. *More Than Meets the Eye*: 400 works from the permanent collection; thru 2/12.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Battles of the Revolution*; thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Forty Modern Masters*: Works by Arp, Cézanne, Ernst, Klee, Picasso, and others; thru 2/1.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Ronald Bladen Outdoor Sculptures*, thru 1/31.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *The End of the Game*: Peter Beard's 20-year African experience; thru 1/22.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Baroque Christmas Tree and Creche Display*; thru 1/28. *Vanity Fair*: A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. *Treasures of Early Irish Art: 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D.*; thru 1/15. *Age of Spirituality*: Late antique and early Christian art, third to seventh century; thru 2/12. *Irwin Untermyer Collection*: About 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Rembrandt and His Century*: Drawings, thru 2/19.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 10-4, Sun 12-5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W Dog St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog*; thru 4/2.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion*: The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Cézanne*: More than 100 paintings and watercolors focusing on the ten years preceeding Cézanne's death in 1906; thru 1/3. *Arp on Paper*: Drawings and collages; thru 3/5. *Universal Pictures*: thru 1/31. *Noguchi: The Sculptor As Designer*: An exhibition of akari—light sculptures/lamps; thru 1/6. *Herbert Bayer*: Photographic works; thru 1/29.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center, Penn Plaza (244-4127). Tues-Sat 10-6.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Moving in the City*: Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Christmas Treasures*: Arts from the 14th century to the present; thru 1/8. *Jewelry by Vita Jaspán*, thru 1/8.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Jasper Johns*: A retrospective spanning 22 years; thru 1/22. *American Art-Union*: Works from 1839 to 1852 by American artists; thru 1/15. **Whitney Museum Downtown**, 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.



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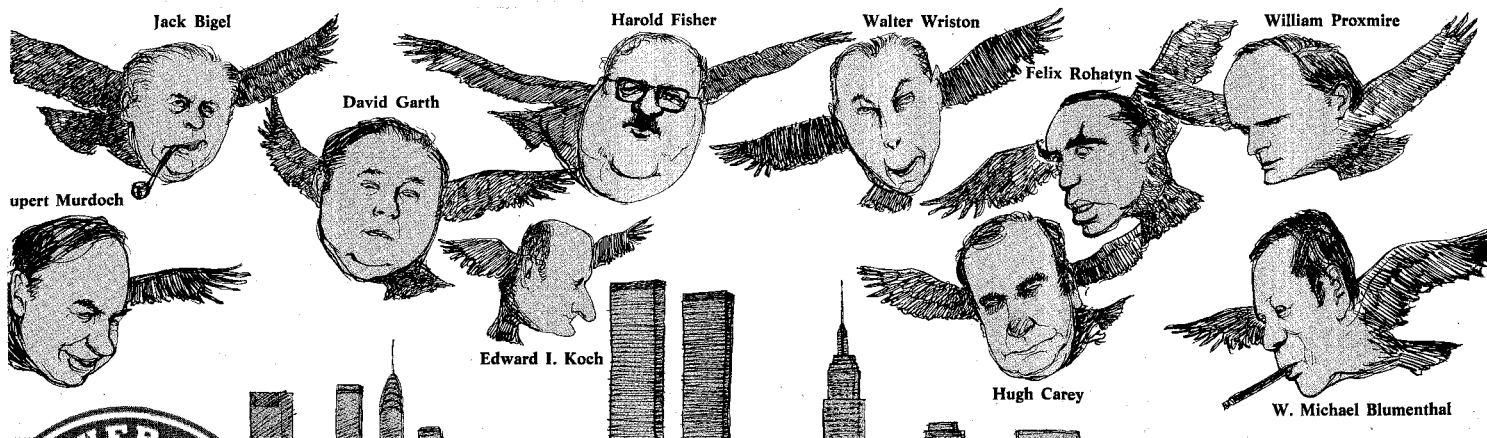
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NEW YORK

The 36 Who Run New York

By Nicholas Pileggi

"...Power has begun to move, not only toward the fiscal and media experts but to a number of little-known Koch friends..."

With the election of Edward I. Koch as mayor, power in New York began to shift, and the tremors are already being felt throughout the city. Traditional alliances are breaking down. Establishment figures are beginning to crumble. Real power has begun to move, not only toward the fiscal experts and media men who have controlled so much of the city for the last couple of years but to a number of little-known, behind-the-scenes advisers and friends who cluster protectively around their new mayor.

Ed Koch is a man addicted to old loyalties, and many of the men and women surrounding him today are members of that same tiny coterie of Village reformers with whom he started his political career in the 1960s. Whether this Koch clique will be able to retain its clout with the mayor six months or a year from now is uncertain, but until then many of Koch's most important decisions are being made under the influence of these shadowy *éminences grises*.

The shrewdest of the city's survivors have already begun their courting of Koch's tiny coterie. Ed Koch's trusted friends and longtime advisers are being besieged by lawyers, insurance executives, realtors, and Westway developers. Reportedly, a youthful staffer who co-chaired the mayor's two-man statisti-

cal-analysis unit and who lives with his parents in Stuyvesant Town was recently perplexed by an invitation to a formal dinner in the East Side townhouse of a millionaire he did not know.

Heady stuff for a delirious group of perennial outsiders—but the thrill can't last. Bankruptcy looms in the Washington hearing room of Senator William Proxmire's banking committee. In the estranged neighborhoods of Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island, and the Bronx, resentment has been compounded by the perception that most of the people around the new mayor are either from his midtown-Greenwich Village congressional district or from East Hampton. And while this tiny group of Koch insiders have great influence, there are others—only two of whom are accountable to the city's electorate—who have great power.

Aside from **Ed Koch** and **Governor Hugh Carey**, the most powerful men in New York include **Senator William Proxmire**, a 62-year-old Harvard Business School graduate from Wisconsin who happens to be chairman of the Senate banking committee, which controls the city's lines of credit. Proxmire feels that there are still too many people on the city payroll; he would like to see an end to rent control; and he insists that an oversight agency must continue to supervise city spend-

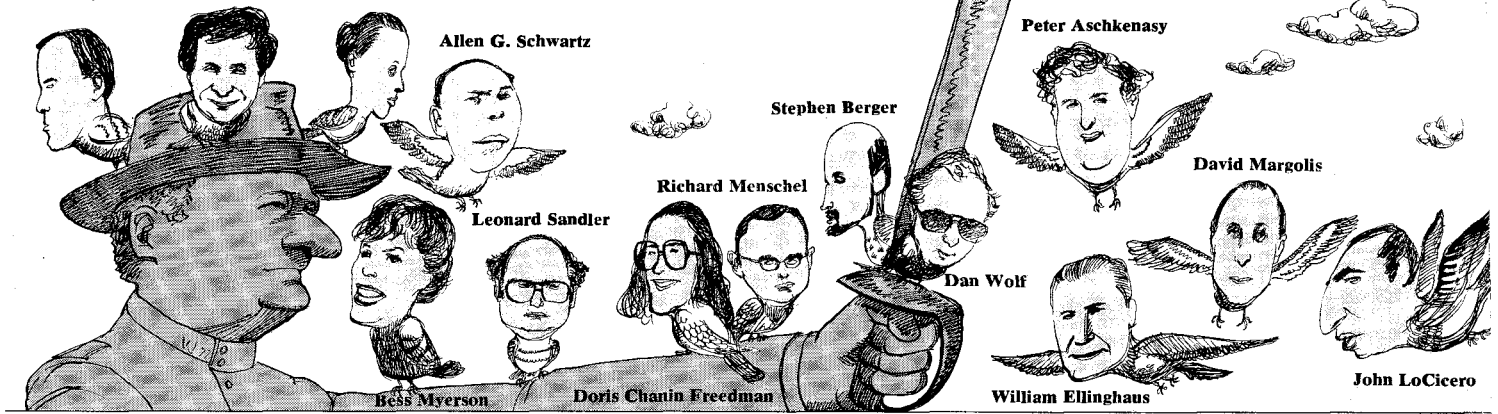
ing long after the scheduled demise of the Emergency Financial Control Board in 1978.

U.S. Treasury Secretary **Michael Blumenthal**, the 52-year-old former head of the Bendix Corporation, is a tough man to crack. There are those who have spent hours having his cigar smoke blown into their faces, who claim that it is Mike Blumenthal who has been assigned the role of avenging angel by Carter's staff in retaliation for an incident during the recent mayoral campaign when Ed Koch made points with the city's Jewish voters by handing Carter a letter criticizing his policy on Israel.

"The city wouldn't be made to go bust just because of that incident," said a regular financial negotiator who has inhaled his share of smoke, "but I suspect every time Mike Blumenthal can make Ed Koch squirm he gets an extra smile from the White House."

Blumenthal insists that the city will lose its federal-loan program unless it balances its budget within three years and ends its use of the capital budget for day-to-day expenses. Blumenthal smilingly acknowledges that this is a catch-22 situation.

"I think we're going to be kept dangling in the wind," the negotiator said. "We'll probably have to scrape through now and next year, but as soon as



Carter comes up for re-election, in 1980, watch the spigot open up. From his point of view, why bail out New York now? By the time he's ready for re-election, we greedy New Yorkers would have forgotten all he had done for us."

Citicorp chairman **Walter Wriston**, 58, may have managed to build the company's spectacular new headquarters in midtown Manhattan, but those in the banking business know Walter's heart really belongs to the world. It is hard for Wriston to spend much of his highly valuable time worrying about New York when 83 percent of all Citicorp profits come from overseas. Nevertheless, Wriston's position as head of the nation's second-largest bank, and his ability to completely dominate those around him, have resulted in his becoming the central force among the city's major bankers who deal with the possibility of the city's fiscal collapse. If Wriston says "buy," chances are even the stingiest bankers will buy.

"We're part of the institutional fabric of the city," Wriston said recently, to the delight of elected officials. "It's no longer us and them."

It was only three years ago that **Jack Bigel**, 65, pension consultant, was first listed among the power elite in *New York Magazine*. On that occasion, however, he was identified as one of the city's "invisible" power brokers, and, while his name is still not a household word, the fact that he serves as the chief adviser to the municipal unions and has allowed pension-fund reserves to be used as part of the city's bailout has now made him one of the most visible power brokers in the city.

Harold Fisher, 67, chairman of the MTA, will negotiate the upcoming transit contract. Described as a bipartisan encounter of the fourth kind, he is an adviser to the Kings County Democratic party, a confidant of the governor, a partner in one of the state's most powerful bipartisan law firms, and a master of the state's arcane election law, most of which he helped to write. (Fisher's election-law expertise comes from the fact that he remembers exactly where he left the loopholes.) Fisher

is also the chairman of the Dime Savings Bank of Williamsburgh, which community groups have accused of being one of the worst of the redlining banks in Brooklyn. They claim that only 3.4 percent of the \$379 million in mortgages lent by the bank is lent in Brooklyn.

"I don't feel that my bank board consciously redlines," Fisher said.

Investment banker **Felix Rohatyn**, 49, is one of those rare financiers who are able to juggle the media as well as they can a balance sheet. Rohatyn, who is chairman and principal architect of Big MAC, has managed to maintain an almost daily dialogue with the public by continuously making himself available to selected members of the press and by knowing precisely when to break moderately good news stories on quiet news days. He is also the master of the 30-second in-depth television news interview.

David Garth, 57, is no longer the argumentative, round what's-his-name next to John Lindsay. Garth has not only slimmed down, he has earned the reputation of being the best media consultant in the political-campaign business. He is also famous. (A staff member confessed that Garth recently got 19 percent on a personal-recognition poll.) When he speaks, *everyone* listens.

After his upset victory for Governor Carey in 1974, his deft resurrection of a sinking Governor Brendan Byrne in New Jersey last year, and his even more dazzling long-shot victory with Ed Koch, there is very little that Dave Garth cannot demand when picking and choosing his prospective candidate clients. Garth also controls a network of major campaign contributors who are prepared, on his say-so, to donate large sums early in a campaign, when the money is most desperately needed. For a candidate to interest Garth in his or her campaign today is viewed as a major step toward victory.

No one has ever done more to alter the newspaper business in New York than **Rupert Murdoch**, the 46-year-old Australian publisher who recently bought the *New York Post*, the *Village*

Voice, and *New York Magazine*, has done in the last year. Unlike the *Daily News*'s editor Mike O'Neill, Murdoch owns his papers and unlike New York Times publisher A.O. "Punch" Sulzberger, Murdoch involves himself intimately with the editorial as well as the business side of his newspaper. He reads stories, changes headlines, even retypes lead paragraphs during the early-morning hours when the *New York Post* goes to press.

Murdoch, according to a number of city and state pols who have dealt with him, obviously loves the intrigue and the brawl of it all. "When he endorsed Ed," said Koch's former campaign co-chairman Edward Costikyan, "that was the whole ball game. It wasn't just the editorial, though that helped give Ed credibility with the other opinion makers. If Murdoch is going to endorse you on his editorial page, you can be pretty damn sure he's going to endorse you on his news pages as well."

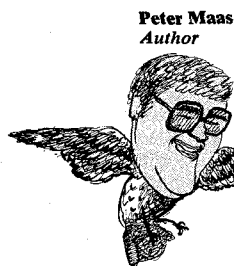
The above list of ten powerful New Yorkers does not even hint at the incredibly complex fabric that makes up the city's power game. It doesn't begin to touch upon the fascinating substratum of little-known inner-circle people and \$1-a-year Iagos who wield a quieter kind of influence behind the scenes: the men and women who have Koch's, Carey's, and the city's ear.

Koch's Inner Circle

Dan Wolf is the former editor of the *Village Voice*, and there are few appointed officials in any area of the new Koch administration who have as much influence over the mayor as this publicity-shy man does. Koch insists that Dan Wolf "helped preserve my sanity during the long campaign."

"Dan and Rhoda Wolf have been friends of Koch's since the early sixties," one of the mayor's aides said. "They are philosophically, politically, and emotionally compatible."

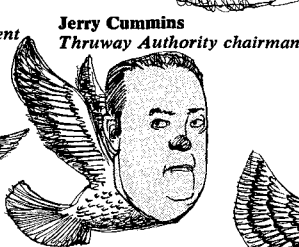
During the latter part of the campaign, Wolf rarely left Koch's side. When Koch, newly elected, met quietly with Jack Bigel, the principal adviser



Peter Maas
Author



Anthony Scotto
ILA Local 1814 president



Jerry Cummins
Thruway Authority chairman



Robert F. Wagner
Former mayor

Phyllis Cerf Wagner
Hostess



Paul Hall
Seafarers Union pre

to the city's municipal unions, he showed up with a small, gray-haired man who, Bigel claims, never said a word.

"He didn't even introduce himself," Bigel said. "Later I found out it was Dan Wolf. He apparently likes to be invisible, but he loves power too."

Peter Aschkenasy, 35, the restaurateur (owner of the U.S. Steakhouse), and his wife, **Dorothy**, are part of the loyal band of Chinese-food-eating, moviegoing pals to whom Congressman Koch used to turn for relaxation. Aschkenasy, who contributed \$7,000 to the Koch campaign, was a deputy parks commissioner under Lindsay. He has withdrawn his application with the city to take over the Bethesda Fountain restaurant operation, to avoid a potential conflict of interest as a result of his closeness to Koch and his influence in the areas of parks and culture.

Herb Rickman, 46, a former assistant U.S. attorney and Democratic-party official, was an early Koch supporter with close ties to everyone from Bess Myerson to Eugene McCarthy. He has total access to Koch, and Koch listens to what he has to say. The city's neighborhoods and especially the Hasidic community will be hearing from him.

David Margolis, 47, is president of Colt Industries and a former member of the Emergency Financial Control Board. Margolis and Ronay Menschel's husband, investment banker Richard, are probably Koch's two closest friends in the business world. They are also among his earliest and largest contributors. Margolis, who is not expected to be involved in political matters, will be very influential and tough about how the city spends its money.

"Labor has the decided advantage," he explained recently. "It keeps the governor and the mayor a little uncomfortable, off balance. The union leaders do a lot of bullying, and Shanker [UFT president Albert Shanker] is the biggest bully of them all. . . ."

Richard Menschel, a partner in the investment-banking firm of Goldman Sachs, is a personal friend of Koch's.

A fund-raiser (Goldman Sachs partners gave \$56,750 to the Koch mayoral campaign; Richard Menschel gave \$25,000 in loans and cash; and his brother, Robert, gave another \$10,000), he is also the husband of Koch's former congressional office manager, Deputy Mayor Ronay Menschel. It was Koch who introduced the couple. Richard Menschel, who was on Koch's three-man job-screening panel, can be expected to exert great influence on the new mayor's handling of financial matters.

Doris Chanin Freedman is the strong-willed and wealthy (family real estate) woman who contributed \$10,000 to the Koch campaign, half of it as early as March of 1977, and who expects to have some say in the city's cultural affairs. She probably will.

William Ellinghaus, 55, a former telephone-company lineman, worked his way up to the vice-chairmanship of AT&T. Ellinghaus decided that he liked Ed Koch during their meetings at the Emergency Financial Control Board, of which Ellinghaus was a member. He liked Koch's lack of pretense, his working-class roots, and the fact that Koch was willing to take on the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation. Ellinghaus will be Koch's eyes and ears in the world of business.

There is probably no one in the criminal-justice system closer to Ed Koch than his old friend **Leonard Sandler**, the supreme-court judge who is currently assigned to hearing cases from the office of the special prosecutor. A strong civil libertarian, the scholarly Sandler has a reputation among courthouse regulars as a light sentencer. He can be expected to have a major voice in how the Koch administration deals with the city's criminal-justice system. How this squares with the mayor's own position on the death penalty is unknown.

Ronay Menschel, 35, deputy mayor for intergovernmental relations, has worked for Ed Koch since 1969. She ran his congressional office with such efficiency and loyalty that there are few people in the administration

to whom he feels closer.

"She's the only person authorized to sign his name," one Koch associate said, but just how well suited she is to her new job of running the city's Albany and Washington lobbying offices, however, is something else again.

"They keep saying Ronay knows her way around Washington, because she worked there," one local pol said. "But that doesn't mean she has the kind of clout to get into some committee chairman's office and wrestle goodies out of his drawer. Those crusty old guys down there hire people like Ronay, for God's sake; they don't listen to them."

Consultant **Stephen Berger**, 38, the former executive director of the Emergency Financial Control Board, wields great power from behind his deceptively tranquil desk at the NYU Graduate School of Public Administration, where he is currently teaching. There is very little about city and state fiscal matters that Berger does not know, and it is accepted that he will have great influence with Koch in this area. Berger's friendship with Koch goes back to the early sixties with the Village Independent Democrats, and his influence with both Koch and Carey on fiscal matters and administration is considerable.

Bess Myerson, 53, is far from invisible, but her recent rise to power has been accomplished largely as a behind-the-scenes fund-raiser, a businesswoman (she's a consultant to Citibank and Bristol-Myers), and a political strategist. While no longer a daily fixture around Koch, when she needs him, he'll be there.

John LoCicero, 47, special adviser to the mayor and a former district leader from Ed Koch's Village Independent Democrats club, has already begun to draw in the city's political strings. A friend of Koch's since the early 1960s, when he joined the VID, LoCicero has a low-key style and can be expected to soothe internal office feuds and calm troubled political waters.

"John is very decent," one insider said. "He is not involved with the kind



Robert M. Morgenthau
Manhattan district attorney

C. J. Schoener
Associated Press reporter

James J. Delaney
U.S. congressman

of internal jockeying for position that occupies most other people. He's not on any ego trip. He couldn't care less what title he's given, where his office is located, who's fighting with whom. So, in the end, when Koch wants to make some sense out of the inner-office bickering, who does he turn to? Right. The guy who has stayed out of the fray."

David Brown, 40, deputy mayor for policy, is a former State Investigations Commission chairman and chief of staff in Koch's congressional office. A member of Koch's inner circle of trusted advisers, his real power does not come from his title but from his personal relationship with the mayor. Next to Koch, Brown is unquestionably the key man at City Hall. He is cool, decisive, and tough. He will have to be in order to keep co-equal Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo from taking over completely.

Corporation Counsel **Allen G. Schwartz**, 43, is a very bright, energetic former Hogan ADA and Koch law partner, but whether he is equipped to take over a \$10-million-a-year city office with 347 lawyers and low morale is unknown. The Koch appointment of Schwartz further illustrates the mayor's style of surrounding himself with old and trusted friends in key spots.

The Carey Connections

Dr. Kevin Cahill, Hugh Carey's \$1-a-year health czar, is unquestionably the single most influential member of the Carey brigade. Cahill's influence with the governor, especially in the area of health, is so well known among health-care professionals that the state has been denied some of the most gifted administrators in the field because they refused to work in a system in which they could expect to be continuously overruled by a part-time adviser.

Cahill has been accused of having been responsible for the hiring of an incompetent mental-hygiene commissioner, Lawrence Kolb, who in turn is largely responsible for the disastrous state program that turned thousands of mental patients out into the streets

without assurances that they would have proper outpatient care.

"Kevin refused to let the governor fire the guy," one insider said, "because he simply wouldn't admit that he had made a mistake."

Thruway Authority chairman **Jerry Cummins** is one of the small group of men to whom Carey will listen. An affable and low-key political strategist of some talent, he ran Carey's last campaign and can be expected to play a major role in the next.

John F. Hennessy Jr., 49, another Carey pal, heads the engineering consulting firm of Syska & Hennessy and was appointed by Carey to the Battery Park City Authority.

Robert F. Wagner. Carey has always felt a great attachment to the 67-year-old Wagner. He has often deferred in his political judgments to Wagner, but when his old guru recently went wrong on a number of critical political matters, Carey began moving away.

Phyllis Cerf Wagner is the former mayor's wife and the wealthy widow of the late Bennett Cerf. She is also one of the main reasons Hugh Carey will never wander too far from the side of his old mentor. Phyllis Wagner is one of those extraordinary hostesses (she's Ginger Rogers's first cousin) who can fill a party with the kinds of superstars that impress Carey.

Peter Maas, 48, the author of *The Valachi Papers*, *Serpico*, and *King of the Gypsies*, has known the governor for many years. He has total access to him and, according to a number of insiders, great influence over Carey.

Paul Hall, 63-year-old head of the Seafarers International Union, is an old pal of Hugh Carey and an important fund-raiser.

Anthony Scotto, 43, is president of ILA Local 1814. His friendship with Carey, like that of Paul Hall, is based on fund-raising.

Influences at Large

Because of his old-boy network of former assistant U.S. attorneys and ADA's with whom he remains in close

contact, Manhattan District Attorney **Robert M. Morgenthau** is one of the first men newly elected officials call upon when there are key positions to be filled. Most recently, the 58-year-old Morgenthau has helped place two federal-court judges, two special state prosecutors, and Robert J. McGuire, Koch's new police commissioner.

Representative James J. Delaney, 76, is the Democratic, Republican, and Conservative congressman from the Archie Bunker 9th Congressional District in Queens. Delaney first went to Congress in 1944, when FDR was preparing for Yalta. Today, he is chairman of the House Rules Committee, but he has remained almost totally unknown outside his district, even though as one of the most powerful men in Washington, he is capable, virtually, of moving mountains to get what his constituents want.

"There are any number of very influential people who can get things done without anyone knowing that they are even around," former First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti explained recently.

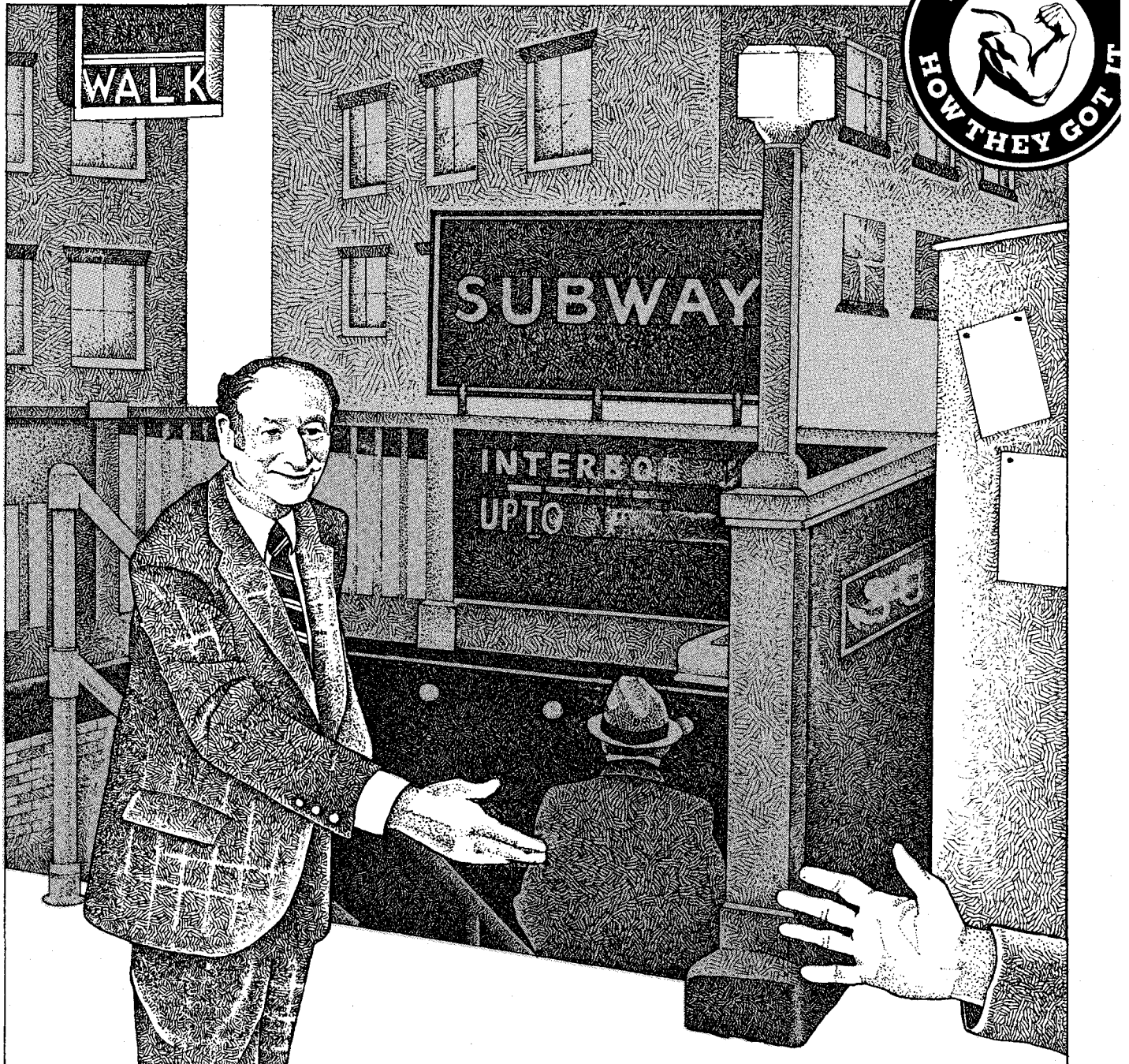
"Not too long ago," he continued, "we were astounded at City Hall to find out that St. Brigid's Church in Brooklyn was going to sponsor a housing development with a special kind of 202 federal-housing fund. We felt that their plan was completely impossible. In order to qualify for 202-housing money you need either a heavy White House connection or presidential approval.

"Well, St. Brigid's got the 202 funding, and it turned out that it was Congressman John Delaney who quietly got the money okayed."

Associated Press reporter **C. J. Schoener**, who is known as Joe Schroeder to most city officials, may not be as well-known as some of his splashier colleagues, but he is probably the single most influential newsman at City Hall. Schoener, who has been a reporter for 40 years, has such a knowledge of the city's body politic that politicians regularly alter city policies to get their press releases past his typewriter. ■

Three Great Moments in New York's Political History

... Ed Koch was elected on the basis of his qualifications, but the IRT, Fire Island, and a ladies' room spat helped too ...



"Hi, I'm Ed Koch. How'm I Doing?"

The handshake that launched a political career took place outside the Sheridan Square IRT subway station almost twenty years ago when the

newly formed Village Independent Democrats launched their reform-minded young leader, Edward I. Koch, into the middle of Seventh

Avenue South. It was Koch's first battle against the Village's Democratic machine and its all-powerful leader, Carmine DeSapio. After two failures,

Ed Koch finally defeated DeSapio in 1964 and began a political career that took him and many of his early VID supporters to City Hall.



There Is a Tide in the Affairs of Men

It was a sunny day at the beach on Fire Island during the summer of 1975 when Koch partisans John LoCicero (left), district leader of the Village Independent Democrats, and Stephen Berger (center), executive director of the Emergency Financial Control Board, ankle-deep in the Atlantic, as well as in politics, discussed the mayoral vote-getting potential of Congressman Edward Koch with David Garth (right), the media consultant and political strategist. Berger and LoCicero's hard sell continued long after Cynthia Wainwright (soon to be Mrs. Berger) and Bismarck, Garth's Skye terrier, became bored. Garth, however, found the conversation nothing less than inspirational.



The Powder-Filled Room

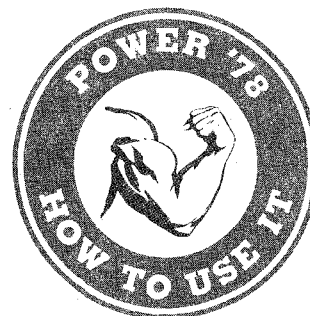
"We were alone in the ladies' room of Katja restaurant at the time," Bess Myerson (left) said, "when Phyllis [Mrs. Robert F. Wagner] started yell-

ing at me about some plot." It seems that Phyllis Wagner had interpreted a condolence call from Bess to Robert Wagner Jr., after he lost the Democratic

primary for Manhattan borough president, as a ploy to put the Wagners off their guard so that Ed Koch could then endorse Bobby's rival,

Andrew Stein. "I kept telling Phyllis she was wrong," Bess said. "Finally, I just brushed past her and got away."

63 WAYS TO STRENGTHEN NEW YORK



We've been had. The governor promised that the state would do more for the city; the president promised to reform welfare; Congress promised a more equitable distribution of federal aid. Everyone, it seems, has been promising, but nobody delivers—and we refuse to help ourselves.

Never mind what the mayor says—the old one or the new. New York is in trouble—still—primarily because it hasn't done enough to put its own house in order. Senator Proxmire is right: New York continues to be profligate.

Today we are once again playing chicken with our Washington overseers, staking our solvency on a convenient dream: Don't worry, we tell ourselves, when it *really* gets down

to the wire, the feds won't let the city go bankrupt. A few years ago, a president of the United States told us to drop dead. If we continue on this suicidal course, that presidential advice may yet prove prophetic.

The fact is, our efforts to reform our ways have fallen short—and the people who will decide whether to bail us out again know it. As Proxmire says, Congress is "skeptical" and "reluctant" to help again.

But we'll need that help in June, when the federal loans expire and we ask for another round. The coming six months, then, will be among the most important in the city's history. Unless we prove, finally, that we're serious about governing ourselves, we won't have a city to

govern. Ed Koch says he's up to the task: "Whatever has to be done, including layoffs," he says, "will be done."

We hope he means it.

To help our new mayor, to help ourselves, we have consulted dozens of "save the city" programs and scores of urban experts. What follows are some suggestions for survival. They are actions which should have been started long ago, not simply to satisfy our city's parsimonious guardians but because they are right.

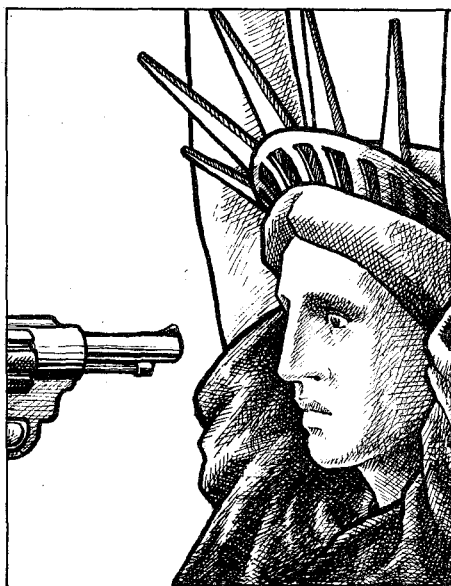
This special New York Magazine report was written by David Rosenthal and Ken Lerer, with Rinker Buck and Geraldine Hutner, under the direction of Michael Kramer.

Computerize the criminal-justice system—immediately.

Establish a small-business-crime unit.

End vacation days for cops who give blood; put white-collar cops back on the street.

Consolidate the city's four police departments.



CRIME

The crime issue is not whether the average New Yorker is or isn't safe. It's whether he thinks he is. Middle-class citizens are now subject to the same fear as slum dwellers—fear for personal safety and protection of property. As Richard Harris has written, "All anyone knows with any certainty about crime in New York is that there is a lot of it."

New York isn't as bad as its reputation. In 1971, we were sixth on the FBI's crime index. By 1976, we had dropped to twelfth. Still, within the city's boundaries, crime has seriously and continually increased. To make matters worse, few criminals are caught, and most of those who are commonly plea-bargain their sentences down to a mere wrist slap.

The statistics speak for themselves. In 1973, 475,855 serious crimes were reported. By 1976, the total had risen to 658,147. Only 226,160 persons were arrested and a scant 113,138 of those were found guilty.

A criminal in New York City has at least a five-to-one chance of getting away with a serious offense—and the odds are probably better than that, since many crimes aren't reported.

Crime, as Neal Hirschfeld has written, is more than a private catastrophe. It is an economic problem: It drives the middle class out. It is an education problem: It turns schools into battlegrounds. It is a community problem: It forces the elderly to stay in their homes day and night. And crime is a welfare problem: It robs the ghetto poor of millions of dollars a year.

The answer is not simply more cops on the street or more judges on the bench. Ultimately, the answer may rest with adjusting economic inequities in employment, education, and housing. But these root problems are not going away overnight. In the interim, we must increase the efficiency of the existing criminal-justice system and provide a sense of purpose to the city's fight against crime.

The city spent \$885.5 million last year on its police department, the nation's largest. A sizable portion of that went for noncriminal matters such as traffic control, family disputes, and clerical work. Besides reallocating the moneys available, the mission of the Police Department needs to be redefined. What should the ratio be between the uniformed and plainclothes patrol forces? What should be done about the low morale of the force? Until these kinds

of questions are answered satisfactorily, the fight against crime will continue to be a losing proposition.

1. Information, Please

The lack of a computerized system to provide background information on suspects and to keep track of the disposition of prisoners has resulted in a tremendous backlog of cases and the dismissal of many others because of insufficient data. The city has already applied for a federal grant to computerize and coordinate all branches of the criminal-justice system, but the 1979 target date is too far off.

The city needs the system now. According to one of the city's top criminal-justice experts, "If the new administration were willing to commit an additional \$500,000, the computer system could be in place next year." It's worth the money.

2. Bad for Business

Businesses say they are leaving the city because of crime. Businesses don't move to the city in the first place, they say, because of crime. A small-business-crime unit should be established within the NYPD to work with business groups and hear their complaints. Just a token gesture? Perhaps. But still, a signal to corporations that the city is doing something about their most worrisome problem.

3. Theft of Services

Although New York City employs a 25,000-member police force, only 1,500 cops are on the street at any given time.

Over the years, New York's cops have accumulated a set of job rules and work scams that are a disgrace to the uniform. Through tighter management control and tough bargaining during the upcoming contract negotiations, the city must put the shirkers and white-collar cops back on the street.

☐ **Blood days:** If a police officer donates a pint of blood to the police blood bank, he gets one day off. If a private citizen donates blood, he gets a cookie and a glass of orange juice. That's all the police should get too. Taking one day off costs the city over 6,000 job-days per year—6,000 days the city can't afford to give away.

☐ **Chart days:** Chart days are days off given to every police officer to compensate for an extra fifteen minutes each day supposedly spent in special training or briefing sessions. The briefings rarely take that long and the special training sessions are few and far between. For this "ass time," a patrolman with more than three years' duty gets an extra eight days off every year. Abolish these extra days off and the city saves \$18.6 million per year.

☐ **Civilianization:** There are about 4,000 police currently assigned to nonpatrol, administrative functions. These cops should be back on the street. There is no reason a police officer making \$18,000 a year should be answering phones at the commissioner's office. Civilian replacements would cost less and would free the cops for the work they were hired to do.

4. Four in One

The functions of New York City's four police forces—housing, transit, sanitation, and NYPD—overlap in many ways. Unnecessary overhead expenses would be eliminated by centralization. There's no reason not to integrate, even though the PBA—which has won a sweetheart contract with the city—would fight it.

5. Clear the Courts

Tens of thousands of minor complaints are eventually dismissed—after they've taken up valuable court time. The charges are either dropped by frightened complainants or dismissed for lack of evidence.

An arbitration forum should dispose of those cases which don't require a formal court proceeding—family disputes are a prime example. The city has tried this system on an experimental basis with great success, and it works well in California. It should be expanded here. The other problem with the current system is that it ties up the police, who earn millions of dollars each year in overtime while processing arrests. A cop doing paperwork or sitting on a court bench is a cop off the streets. An arbitration panel would put more cops on the beat and reduce "collars for dollars."

6. Methadone Mileage

It's time to take a long, hard look at the methadone maintenance programs in the city, to see how they can be improved. The use of heroin and other illicit drugs is still a major cause of crime, with an estimated \$3.5 million being spent on heroin alone each day. Many addicts have been rehabilitated through methadone programs, but the costs are very high and the batting averages have to be improved.



EDUCATION

Most of our children pass through the city's school system without being touched by it. The children don't learn; the schools don't teach.

The city spends \$2.8 billion a year on education—\$2,300 per student. The results are negligible. In 1975-76, for example, almost one half of all sixth-graders fell below the state's minimum reading standards; more than half fell below the math level. The statistics don't improve as the students get older. They get worse.

More money won't help. While the school population has increased only 10 percent in the past decade, the Board of Education has doubled its staff. The cost of educating one student has gone up 400 percent. New York pays its teachers more money for less work than any other major American city, and still only 41 percent of the total budget goes to the classrooms—small wonder, when you consider that last year \$120,000 was spent on chauffeurs for

Board of Education bureaucrats, and at a time when few new school buildings were planned, another \$1.5 million went for architects' salaries.

The only alternative is to start over—cut the school bureaucracy drastically and increase productivity. The change would be immediate. Says Stanley Litow of the Educational Priorities Panel, "One hundred million dollars could quickly be shifted from administration to the classrooms." But that's just for openers.

7. Abolish the Board

The Board of Education is part of the problem, not the solution. Accountable to no one and top-heavy, the board serves no useful purpose. Mayor Koch wants a commissioner appointed by and accountable to him. We agree. And the first thing the commissioner should do is take a page from Jimmy Carter's book and institute zero-based budgeting throughout the school system. Every penny for every program should be questioned, not simply the increase over the previous year's level.

8. Why Not the Best?

Students can't learn if teachers can't teach. One of the problems, says union chief Albert Shanker, is that local school boards are hiring teachers "almost below the literacy line." Another problem is that some of the teachers who do pass the licensing examinations still can't inspire their students. And professional silence protects incompetent teachers. One of the Fleischmann Commission's key recommendations called for the promotion and hiring of teachers based on their in-class performance. It was never implemented. It should be, and the sooner the better.

Permanent licenses should be granted only after a successful classroom internship. A teacher should prove he can teach—the class's reading and math progress can be charted—before a permanent license is granted.

Teachers who do good work are paid the same as those who do poorly. There is presently no way to reward a talented teacher. Productivity incentives should be instituted. When a teacher's students improve their performance, as measured by the standardized tests, the teacher should receive a pay raise.

9. Let Albany Do It

City teachers are currently licensed by the city's Board of Examiners. The state has its own board and could do the job just as well. We could save \$1 million each year by axing the city's board.

10. More Than the Three R's

It's hard enough for the skilled to get a job. It's harder for the unskilled. Yet the city is committed to turning out students with a liberal-arts education, and Irving Anker, the schools' chancellor, has advocated more of the same. Anker wants to mandate two years of a foreign language plus a year each of music and art. Commendable, of course, but high school juniors and seniors need marketable skills as well.

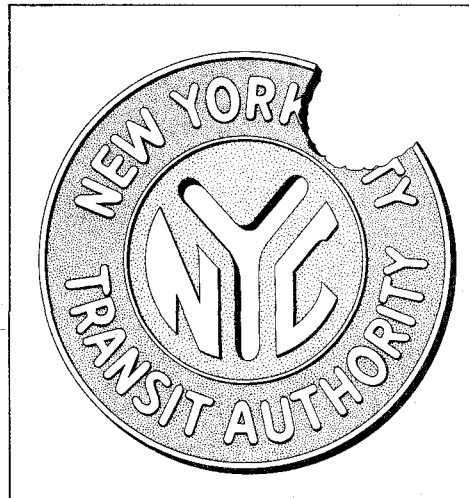
The city's higher-education system should become a manpower source. Special courses should be directed toward educating middle-level managers for the city's bureaucracy. The general job market should be served as well, and to ensure this, the deputy mayor for labor relations, Basil Paterson, should have input into syllabus development for the high schools and community colleges.

Replace the Board of Education with a commissioner.

Fire incompetent teachers; reward the good ones.

Authorize the state to license city teachers.

Emphasize vocational training.



TRANSIT

New York's air is unhealthy; New York's mass-transit system is inefficient. To improve one, you must improve the other. As long as our subways and buses are uncomfortable and unsafe, our citizens will drive their cars—and further pollute the air.

The city's mass-transit system is as huge as it is inefficient. It covers 1,200 route miles and includes 11,000 subway cars and buses. Employing 43,000 people, it is without question the backbone of the city's economy. Around 5.4 million people use the system daily, but it costs \$1.2 billion a year to run and has a yearly deficit of roughly \$400 million—and now there is talk of another fare hike, which must be avoided at all costs.

The huge transit budget and its accompanying deficit can be traced directly to the excessive giveaways transit workers have won over the last twenty years.

Many of the perks and benefits defy imagination. For example: It is possible for a transit employee to work only three hours a day and receive a full day's pay. The man who drives a Staten Island-to-Manhattan express bus leaves Staten Island at 7 A.M. and completes his run by 8:30 A.M. He then sits idle, with absolutely nothing to do until it's time to drive the bus back to Staten Island at 5:30 P.M. During the "swing" time from 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., the driver can do whatever he wants—go home, go to the movies, or work another shift. If he doesn't work, he gets paid for the afternoon with the exception of two hours. And because his day is longer than eleven hours, he also gets paid overtime. If he decides to work the "swing" time, he is paid the overtime rate for all such work. So for just three hours of work, the transit employee gets paid for ten and a half hours. Not bad for him—a disaster for the city.

And then, just to make life easier still, transit employees are compensated for "check-cashing" time—the time spent waiting in bank lines to cash paychecks.

However highly paid, the work force is grossly underproductive. Between 1965 and 1975, there was a 20 percent decrease in passenger-miles, a 3 percent decrease in vehicle-miles, and a 13 percent increase in the number of transit employees. Something is very wrong.

11. The Great Train Robbery

The special deputy comptroller's report for the Emergency Financial Control Board said of

the transit system: "An examination of the work rules and labor practices currently in effect indicates that revision or elimination of some of these could lower costs without reducing services." Seventy-four percent of the entire \$1.2-billion budget goes to salaries and fringe benefits—\$59.5 million for overtime in fiscal 1977 alone. Much of the overtime can be reduced. Here are some of the other scams:

□ **Free passes:** Many city workers ride free on the buses and subways. If this privilege were restricted to the uniformed services only, the city could save \$5 million a year.

□ **Private perks:** Besides payment for check-cashing time, many transit workers are also paid for travel time to and from work. Eliminating these two big giveaways would save \$3.3 million annually.

□ **Part-time embargo:** The transit department is not permitted to hire part-time workers. That means that the token seller who works the morning rush hour stays on the job all day at full pay with little or nothing to do—just waiting for the afternoon rush hour.

12. Easy Rider

If you live in the city, you already know how bad the subways are. Noise levels on lines like the West Side IRT and the BMT along Broadway are physically harmful. New York's share of transit funds from the federal government is in no way commensurate with the city's huge number of mass-transit riders. A mayor's office of grant coordination should systematically apply for all available moneys from the Urban Mass Transportation Administration.

13. Quick Service

Establish rush-hour express-bus lanes on the city's streets, as the state has done on highways. If the buses move faster than other traffic along major avenues, people will ride them.

14. Hack the Cabs

Taxis account for 50 percent of all traffic in the midtown core area—and as a result are responsible for 50 percent of all the automobile pollution. By eliminating their freedom to cruise in certain corridors—like Second and Seventh avenues, 57th and Canal streets, and the entire midtown section during the day—both traffic and pollution will be eased.

15. Time and Motion

One way to make the subways more comfortable during rush hours—the time they are most crowded—is to stagger work hours. Time Inc., for example, has a nine-to-five day for most employees. Exxon, across 50th Street from the Time-Life Building, operates from 8:30 A.M. to 4:15 P.M. Other companies should be encouraged to follow this example.

16. Manhattan Transfer

Both to encourage ridership throughout the city and save people in the outer boroughs an extra dollar a day, free bus-to-subway transfers should be instituted. The initial cost would be almost \$56 million, but the increased ridership would restore the difference.

17. A Source of Oxygen

There are 60,000 vacant lots in New York City. Besides being eyesores, they cost the city money. Councilman Henry Stern estimates that the lots are underassessed by 83 percent of their true value—a loss of at least \$18 million a year. The city should assess the lots at their

Establish express-bus lanes on major avenues; ban taxi cruising on major streets.

Stagger work schedules to relieve rush hours.

Allow free bus-to-subway transfers.

Abate property taxes for vest-pocket parks on private lots.

true value and then abate the taxes for any owner who turns his vacant lot into a vest-pocket park for public use.

18. Walk Along the Boulevards

A major step toward alleviating auto pollution in Manhattan would be the creation of daylight pedestrian malls on the major shopping avenues. The city must return its major retail areas to consumers and provide jitneys for transportation. A more hospitable shopping environment would boost sales, and the accompanying traffic tie-up would further discourage shoppers from driving into Manhattan. Two prime candidates for pedestrian malls: Fifth Avenue from 42nd Street to 59th Street and Mott Street.

19. All Quiet on the Westway Front

The single most crucial decision facing Ed Koch is what to do about Westway. We're against it as currently planned. In the long run, not building Westway will create a stronger economic climate without community destruction. The city should trade in the majority of federal Westway funds, approximately \$800-million, for mass-transit uses.



HEALTH

No other city in the world has health-care resources comparable to New York's. The city's 18,000 doctors practice out of 65 voluntary and 17 municipal hospitals, 7 medical schools, 350 Medicaid facilities, and thousands of private clinics. All told, the public and private sectors spend upward of \$7 billion a year on health care.

But this Goliath doesn't deliver very well. Like a good deal else in New York City, the medical industry is divided along class lines: There is one system for the middle class, another for the poor. When the poor receive any care at all, it is generally inferior—wastefully provided by the publicly funded Medicaid and Medicare programs. But waste and inflated costs are no less spectacular in the private sector; even the rich find their hospital bills staggering and inexplicable.

The most rudimentary statistics make New York sound like a Third World nation in need of a full complement of Peace Corps volunteers. One of the city's 340 health districts, in the South Bronx, has 10,000 people and not one

practicing physician; another health district in Bedford-Stuyvesant has only one doctor for a population of 19,000. Yet in one 34-block area on Manhattan's Upper East Side, there are over 1,000 doctors for 32,000 people.

Years of neglect, poor planning, and simple greed cannot be erased overnight. And waiting for a national health-insurance system to solve our problems for us would be a little like waiting for Godot.

To clean his own house, the mayor must begin with the massive, notoriously mismanaged Health and Hospitals Corporation (HHC), which spends about \$1 billion a year, a twelfth of the city's budget. "There's probably no place left in the budget, with the possible exception of the Board of Education, with as much room for trimming as the Health and Hospitals Corporation," says one top aide to Comptroller Goldin.

20. Merge and Purge

Just about anyone—whether he can afford to pay for health care or not—can enter one of the city's municipal hospitals and receive a full range of services. On the other hand, the 66 voluntary hospitals, run mostly by charitable organizations or universities, cater to middle-class patients whose bills are paid by Blue Cross, private insurance plans, and, in many instances, Medicaid and Medicare.

Though the difference in the quality of care found at the municipals and voluntaries has narrowed, costs are commonly much higher in the voluntaries. In general, the voluntaries receive most of their revenues from third-party sources—be it Blue Cross or Medicaid—and not from direct patient payments. Because of higher per-patient rates permitted private hospitals by the state Health Department, the voluntaries receive as much as \$100 more per patient per day than a municipal hospital could bill for the same services. This gap often leaves the municipals with a deficit, which the city makes up—approximately \$75 million a year.

But this is only the beginning. The city doles out another \$70 million to cover the hospital costs of indigent, uninsured patients. Then the city forks over \$110 million for outpatient services which are not covered by Medicaid or private insurance plans.

Many health experts, including consultant Richard W. Nathan, would end this waste—and reduce costly duplication between the municipals and the voluntaries—by consolidating the two systems. In a report to the Temporary Commission on City Finances, Nathan proposed leasing or selling hospitals to qualified organizations such as community corporations, voluntary hospitals, medical schools, or labor unions. Under Nathan's plan, lease or sale agreements and management contracts would specify performance objectives and establish the eligibility and service criteria.

Nathan's proposal has several advantages. The superior management expertise of the voluntaries would be applied to the leased city hospitals; duplication of services offered by the voluntary and city hospitals in the same area would be eliminated; and the city could begin weeding out some of the 37,000 HHC employees who have made the city's municipal-hospital system one of the largest patronage dumping grounds in the world.

Consolidation would not reduce the city's health bill immediately. The indigent patients who now use the municipal hospitals would still be served by consolidated facilities, and the city would still be picking up its 25 percent

**Lease or sell
municipal hospitals
to qualified
organizations.**

**Put the teachers
back in the
classroom.**

21. Elbowroom

The average New York City classroom has over 30 students—a significantly higher figure than the national average. Space certainly isn't a problem. The total of *unused* space leased by the city at a cost of \$5.4 million could fill the Empire State Building.

Obviously, we need more teachers. But like the Police Department, the school system needs more Indians and fewer chiefs. A reallocation of education manpower is needed, not more money to hire additional staff. Put the cops on the street and the teachers in the classrooms. Given a chronic teacher complaint—not enough room—the city's excess space should be utilized to alleviate overcrowding and increase classroom efficiency.

**Reduce class size for
the lower grades.**

22. Class Distinctions

A child's formative school years are kindergarten through grade six. A child who can't handle basic arithmetic and reading by the end of the sixth grade finds it almost impossible to develop these skills in junior and senior high. The student-teacher ratio should vary through a child's school experience. The 1-to-30 ratio should, at the very least, be halved in the lower grades. If this means a higher ratio in the upper grades, so be it. It's a good trade-off.



THE ECONOMY

Balanced budgets and economic plans will mean nothing if the city's tax base continues to erode. We'll be forced to plead for larger handouts, and as Senator Proxmire has cautioned, we're already wearing out our welcome in Washington.

Since 1969, the city has lost 650,000 jobs. One out of three jobs in the construction industry has vanished, as has one out of six in the retail and wholesale trades and one of ten in finance.

The companies have gone too. Of the 128 *Fortune* 500 corporations headquartered in New York a decade ago, 38 have left. And contrary to popular belief, says the city's economic-development director, most of them "aren't going to the Sun Belt. They're just crossing the George Washington and going to Secaucus."

The ripple effect is awesome. Population shrinks. Job prospects in the city dim, and many residents simply give up looking for work. New York's 8.4 percent unemployment rate is probably closer to 12 percent if the discouraged workers are counted.

**Drop the commercial-
occupancy tax.**

It's become a vicious circle. To compensate for the revenue loss, the city has raised taxes, which, in turn, drives out more businesses and further depletes the job pool. In fact, the average tax burden for city residents today is nearly double that of the nation's fourteen next-largest cities. And corporate taxes in New York City are almost twice as high as those in New Jersey and Connecticut. As State Economic Development Board Chairman Richard Ravitch says, "We can't think about regenerating our economy until our taxes become competitive."

In the latter days of the Beame administration, the tide began to turn. The city realized that it had to accept a loss of revenue in order to attract new industry and keep the ones it had. When the Temporary Commission on City Finances suggested a series of specific tax cuts costing \$90 million, it also estimated that those levy reductions would generate enough business to compensate for the loss. And, as the commission warned, even more revenue would be lost if the flight of businesses to more favorable corporate climates continued.

The Koch administration must now accelerate the realistic tax reforms begun by Abe Beame. The city's economy can be salvaged but only if significant and timely changes are made.

While the legislature last year eliminated or reduced some of the more onerous corporate levies—the machinery and stock-transfer taxes, for example—it only began the job.

The city currently lacks a comprehensive tax policy. Taxes have been levied solely on the basis of revenue needs and have rarely if ever been evaluated in terms of their financial effect. At the outset, the Koch administration must see to it that all proposed levies contain an economic-impact statement.

A number of new tax policies are also in order.

23. The Bottom Line

The current city level of corporate taxation, 10.5 percent, must be lowered. To be competitive with other localities, it should be no higher than 5.5 percent. This would be the signal that the city means *business*.

Energy taxes: Con Ed violently opposed, and Governor Carey last year vetoed, a bill which would have provided modest tax incentives for businesses that built their own power plants. Energy costs in New York are 50 to 100 percent higher than in New Jersey. The city must align itself with its corporations in an effort to break Con Ed's monopoly on energy delivery.

24. Light for Less

Similarly, the city should consider creating an energy-tax-credit program. According to the Office of Economic Development, the city is rapidly losing energy-intensive industries like plastics and electroplating. Twenty-seven percent of everyone's Con Ed bill represents a tax pass-along; legislation granting tax credits equal to some portion of that amount would help to hold businesses inside the city limits. Also, in return for making Con Edison reduce its rates to corporate clients, the city might grant the utility a real-estate-tax break. Con Ed presently pays \$157 million in city real-estate taxes—more than anyone else.

25. A City of Shopkeepers

Alone among the state's municipalities, New York now levies an occupancy tax on business renters. While the legislature has approved a

phased 20 percent reduction in this tax (which can reach a high of 7.5 percent of rent), its elimination would have a tremendous positive effect on city business, saving perhaps 5,000 jobs.

26. Spare the Rich

While the whole host of small-business taxes drives out middle-size corporations, often the business giants leave largely as a result of the personal tax bite visited on top-level executives.

According to the Citizens Public Expenditures Survey, high personal taxes "have been the single complaint given most often by businesses leaving the State."

The city must press for across-the-board tax cuts for the well-to-do, as well as for the poor and middle classes.

27. Rewards for Jobs

Tax credits should be made available on a standardized basis for businesses which expand or create new jobs in the city. The money lost through reduced corporate taxes would be made up by the addition of new employees to the city tax rolls.

28. On the Waterfront

New York City has 578 miles of waterfront. And a relatively tiny department of ports and terminals deals with most of it. Right now, the city doesn't have a plan—or even anybody working on one—for exploiting the waterfront. The city doesn't even have the expertise or capacity to undertake such a task. But the Port Authority does.

It has the money, the staff, the resources, and the power lust to really do the job. No one is particularly fond of the P.A.; it has, on occasion, been found not to be the most selfless of agencies. But the city must take full advantage of its greatest natural resource, and it doesn't much matter who gets the ball rolling.

29. An Industrial Revolution

The Industrial Development Agency is perhaps the greatest tool within the city's arsenal for attracting and expanding manufacturing firms. IDA is a semi-autonomous agency which sells revenue bonds to finance industrial-park construction. Toward this end, it recently received a \$50-million commitment from local savings banks and has actually done about \$70-million worth of lending during the past year. It needs to do more.

The state law which created IDA should be amended to permit it to work not only for industrial projects but for retail and commercial establishments as well. And the gifts-and-loans provision of the state constitution—which bars the state from giving anything away for nothing—should be amended to enable the IDA to grant partial city or state loan guarantees to the agency's securities. And IDA should be encouraged to grant near total tax abatement for projects within the city's currently underutilized industrial parks.

30. The Great Land Rush

New York should bring back the free lunch. Within the city's industrial parks, there are more than 1,000 vacant acres.

One reason is the cost of land. When a developer considers all the costs of building and renting industrial-park space in New York, it becomes prohibitive. After development, owing

in part to land costs, industrial-park space has been going for about \$3.50 a square foot in the city. In New Jersey, on the other hand, it costs \$2. Big choice.

To stimulate economic revival, the city should swallow a loss on its original industrial-park land purchases—some of which were bought for \$17 a square foot. The land should be leased at a negligible charge—say \$1 an acre. Or, if the gifts-and-loans provision can be amended, let's just give it away in exchange for a promise to build on it.

31. First Municipal City Bank

The city needs its own development bank.

Private banks have a huge stake in the city—if we go under, they go under. Forcing them to establish pooled capital for financing needs could be accomplished through the creation of a development bank. The city's bank could be the major purchaser of IDA bonds as well as the provider of long-term financing for projects other than industrial parks. A city bank would represent a move toward self-sufficiency, which could also assist in solidifying the city's relationship with the financial community.

32. Wish They Were Here

Tourism is the city's second-largest industry, but the city doesn't take it seriously. In fiscal 1977, it allocated a mere \$300,000 for tourism—less than the amount spent by Little Rock, Arkansas.

Beyond the need for creative selling, serious consideration should be given to transforming many of the vacant manufacturing lofts and buildings on lower Fifth Avenue into inexpensive tourist pensions. Generally, the city's hotel costs are too high for traveling students and families with low-to-moderate incomes. Europe has proved the value of clean, cheap, simple lodgings. New York must follow.

33. Many Fifth Avenues

The city's key business districts outside midtown Manhattan, including 125th Street in Harlem, Jamaica Center in Queens, and Fordham Road in the Bronx, are all in desperate need of revitalization. These areas are their areas' chief retail thoroughfares; they provide support and vital services for their surrounding communities.

The city should "land-bank" properties in these business districts—obtaining parcels *in rem* and transferring them to local development corporations for \$1. Once local development corporations are given the land, they should become eligible for tax abatement, and development would then become economical.

The city should also commit to these areas a goodly portion of its federal public-works funds—\$192 million last year alone.

34. In the Chips

The State Assembly has passed a bill in favor of legalized gambling.

The Democrats want the state to run it, to keep it away from organized crime. The Republicans want private ownership—not to yield gambling to organized crime but to stop further government control. However it's done, it's been too long coming. Revenue estimates vary from \$60 million to \$105 million, but legalized gambling's real value involves job creation. "That's why we want it," says Ed Margolis, counsel to Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut. "It will create jobs, anywhere from 7,000 to 17,000."

Reduce personal income taxes across the board.

Trade corporate tax breaks for jobs.

Give the waterfront to the Port Authority.

Finance retail as well as industrial developments.

Legalize casino gambling to create jobs.

Assign Medicaid patients to a single doctor.

share of all their bills.

Money could be saved in the long run, however, if consolidation were coupled with another idea—the establishment of group practices inside hospitals to handle the kinds of minor cases currently treated in emergency wards because the poor simply have nowhere else to go. The staggering cost of these “out-patient” services could be reduced, because physicians are normally reimbursed at a rate of about \$25 a visit, while the present open-door hospital policy costs about \$40 each time.

Health-care policy would still be made by a smaller, largely advisory HHC, and the city would continue to influence the voluntaries through its regulation and financing of the Medicaid program.

The alternative—continuing to maintain, subsidize, and coordinate two separate health-care systems—has proved futile.

35. A Health Czar

Even if the city gets out of the direct-health-care business, an administrator will be needed to coordinate planning, negotiate with the state and federal governments for reimbursement rates, and make sure that the city's objectives match those of the private institutions.

We need a deputy mayor for health—especially if we create a unified health-care system. The deputy mayor could also serve as president of the revamped HHC, thus making it directly accountable to the mayor.

Eliminate 5,000 hospital beds.

36. Too Many Beds

On a combined basis, the city's hospitals operate 47,750 beds. At any given time, only 80 to 85 percent are filled. The city maintains at least 5,000 too many beds—at a cost of \$200-million a year.

Many of the excess beds could be done away with by eliminating duplicated services in proximate hospitals. It is extravagant and wasteful to maintain 400 special-surgery beds—and a staff to service them—in three neighboring hospitals when the space is only partially used. There is simply no reason for two medical centers to offer the same “subservices,” like pediatric open-heart surgery, when the taxpayers are footing the bill. Bed pooling would eliminate the need for costly, unnecessary equipment and special services without reducing the level of or capacity for care.

Reduce hospital stays; increase outpatient subsidies.

37. Cutting Down on R 'n' R

Health experts generally agree that a key reason for inflated hospital costs is the tendency of patients to “overstay.” Goldin estimates that at any given time 10 percent of the city's hospital patients shouldn't be there.

Often, hospitals encourage long stays because of financial incentives attached to increased patient-days. Another reason for “overstay” is the shortage of longer-term reduced-care outpatient facilities and the corresponding lack of a sensible reimbursement formula for such halfway houses.

“Right now,” says John Fiorillo, assistant vice-president for health sciences at Columbia University, “the type of reimbursement available has too much influence on the variety of medical care you get. We need a reimbursement plan for home and out-of-hospital services.”

Besides seeking adequate payment for non-hospital health services, we could also save millions by converting 1,500 acute-care emergency hospital beds to longer-term, less intensive health uses.

38. The Cost of Free Choice

A patient covered by Medicaid may select a physician of his choice. This freedom has been abused by both patients and doctors at a tremendous cost to taxpayers.

On the one hand, unscrupulous physicians send their Medicaid patients to other doctors or to labs with whom they split fees. On the other hand, some Medicaid patients discard doctors almost at whim, to seek out redundant medical advice. North Dakota has avoided these wasteful pitfalls by permanently assigning Medicaid clients to a single doctor who must approve all referrals. Nathan estimates that this simple reform could save \$37 million a year in New York.

As for the physicians themselves, they are currently permitted to farm out their lab work and other auxiliary needs to anyone they choose—without regard to price. Since Medicaid foots the bill, the city should contract for these services on a competitive-bidding basis to obtain the lowest possible cost.



HOUSING

Crumbling, broke, expensive, and scarce. In a nutshell, that's the conflicting and harrowing tale of the city's housing dilemma.

Aside from luxury housing, New York can pretty well forget about new construction. Federal help would be needed, and although the dark days of Richard Nixon's disastrous housing-fund moratorium are past, few if any new massive-aid infusions are in the offing.

The Koch administration's housing byword must be modesty. A strategy of salvation is required, one that emphasizes the repair of structurally sound buildings, encourages the participation of neighborhood organizations, and seeks to guarantee shelter for all who need it.

Despite a waiting list of 14,000 people eligible for public housing, only 1,000 units are under construction. Says Richard Lefrak, one of the city's major apartment builders: “The subsidized-housing situation in New York is moribund.”

Throughout the past decade, the city has tried myriad solutions to its housing problems. The results have been disappointing—40,000 units are left to rot each year at a cost of \$2 billion. Entire neighborhoods are reduced to rubble, devastated by arsonists. Yet we still pursue policies which dress up a single block while the surrounding community deteriorates.

The housing scene is steeped in inequity and fraught with peril. Continuing deterioration means the dissolution of the city's neighborhoods. And that means the death of the city as we know it.

39. "Rehab, Rehab, Rehab"

Rehabilitation. That's what our strategy should be, says Donna Shalala, the former MAC treasurer who is now an assistant secretary of housing and urban development.

Repairing what we have is a costly task. Even with the construction-trade unions offering special cut-rate fees for rehabilitation work, the cost per apartment on a recent federally funded job came to \$40,000—nearly as much as a brand-new unit would cost. Still, the city must redirect what housing funds it has—and can obtain—and put them to use as swiftly as possible to stabilize threatened neighborhoods.

Incredibly, we haven't even used what monies we have. Over the past two years, for example, the city has spent only \$14 million of the \$63 million in appropriated federal rehab funds.

The City Planning Commission should decide where to place the money—quickly and on a wholesale, neighborhood-by-neighborhood basis. The city cannot afford to sit on federal funds while two competing communities fight over which of their two blocks needs the money most.

As a starting point, the commission must choose two or three priority areas—communities such as Crown Heights in Brooklyn, Washington Heights in Manhattan, and Fordham in the Bronx—where whole neighborhoods are threatened by nearby slums. Decent housing can serve to put a halt to spreading destruction. These three neighborhoods may never resemble midtown Manhattan, but they can be stabilized and maintained.

40. Give the Landlords a Break

With just under half a million rent-controlled apartments and 750,000 more under rent stabilization, almost all of the city's nonsubsidized housing falls under stringent price controls. Since a tenant's rent is thereby artificially lowered while his landlord's expenses are not, these controls have the effect of forcing landlords to subsidize their tenants.

Along with high realty taxes, crime, and investment difficulties, this system has led to widespread housing abandonment: Landlords simply desert their properties because they can't afford to own them. Few issues are more unpopular politically than ending rent control. But the new administration must take a tough stand. A situation in which nearly one fourth of the city's rent-controlled tenants pay less than 15 percent of their income for housing is patently unfair. A middle-aged executive and his wife earning \$45,000 annually should not have the luxury of paying only \$225 a month in rent while a young family of four earning \$18,000 can't even qualify for federal housing.

The cost of rent must be geared to the ability to pay. A "means test" should be instituted. The examination of a tenant's income-tax returns is already required in New York to qualify for federally subsidized housing. A similar requirement should be extended to rent-controlled tenants.

41. Tax Avoidance

At first glance, asking tenants to pay their landlord's realty tax might seem like a boon for property owners. In reality, as proposed

by the Economic Development Board, it is a plan by which everyone comes out ahead.

Out of their tenants' rent, landlords currently pay their city real-estate taxes—now \$8.75 for each \$100 of assessed value. A "tenant tax" system would drastically alter the formula, and it would be far better than our present control system or any other that's been advanced seriously in recent years.

A landlord would compute, on a pro-rata basis, each tenant's share of the building's realty tax. The monthly rent bill would reflect two fees—one for rent, the other for tax. The total would equal the original bill. For the landlord, this paper transaction is a wash. His tax payments are currently lopped right off the top of his income. He doesn't need the tax deduction since he doesn't pay taxes on that portion of his income anyway. Since technically the tenant would now be paying the realty tax, he qualifies for a federal-tax deduction. Eventually, he'll get a rebate from the federal government, which he will in turn spend, thus aiding the city's overall economy.

42. Own Your Own Building

"If tenants are given a piece of the action, the chances for maintaining strong neighborhoods increases dramatically," says one top New York housing official.

The way to make this happen is through co-op conversion and "sweat equity." The city must eliminate the complicated regulations governing these actions and encourage tenants to own their own shelter. In the case of co-op conversions, tenants who do not want to participate should be given three years to find alternative housing.

Similarly, the city must encourage "sweat equity" programs, where local residents "buy" a building by rehabilitating it themselves. With a shortage of funds for rehabilitation, the city must offer all the technical and financial expertise it can muster.

43. The Thick Red Line

Most city banks refuse to lend money in areas they consider credit risks. This can mean that an entire borough begins to die because of a lack of capital. Redlining killed the Bronx and it's killing Brooklyn.

The state Banking Department reported last year that the ten biggest Brooklyn banks granted only \$53 million in mortgages throughout their home borough. During the same one-year period their Brooklyn deposits rose by \$515 million. The few loans that were made went to predominantly white areas, although the study showed that mortgagees in black areas had a rate of foreclosure as low or lower.

The savings banks are regulated by the state. Legislative action, stalled for years, is one way to combat the problem. But the clout of City Hall can be just as effective in this area.

Last summer, hundreds of Brooklyn residents organized to withdraw almost \$1 million from the Greater New York Savings Bank to protest its redlining policies. In November, after a threat to continue the protest, the bank agreed to commit a minimum of \$25 million a year in mortgage money for the foreseeable future. The administration must encourage such community action. It must publicize the names of redlining banks and urge its citizens to stop patronizing them. And, beyond mere publicity, the city must withdraw its own funds from interest-free accounts in redlining banks. It's called leverage.

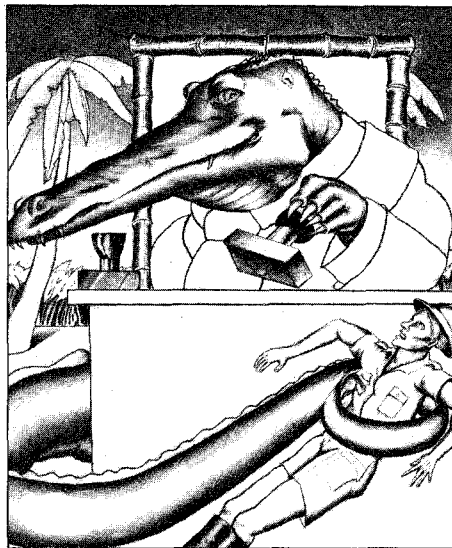
Save and stabilize existing housing.

Simplify co-op conversion and "sweat equity" programs.

Establish a "means test" for all rent-controlled tenants.

Lower rents through tenant tax deductions.

**Cut back benefits by
\$250 million.**



BUREAUCRACY

Theoretically, New York City is governable. Thanks to the revised City Charter, much of the structure for reform is already in place.

Now comes the acid test for accomplishing major managerial and financial change—negotiations with the city's unionized employees, most of whose contracts expire within the mayor's first six months in office.

Over the past two and a half years, the city's municipal unions have agreed to a wage "freeze," made massive purchases of city securities, and deferred a number of costly fringe benefits—all to save New York from bankruptcy. Although built-in cost-of-living escalators amounted to \$400 million over the last two years—while the "freeze" was in effect—the unions say they lost \$340 million in real earnings during this same period.

The unions' leadership can't afford to stand pat. They'll ask for hefty raises, perhaps as high as 12 percent, at a potential cost in excess of \$500 million. The city can't afford it—the rules and the numbers have changed. But the city worker deserves something—something more than a token increase. Many experts believe that a wage hike in the 3 percent to 6 percent range (at a cost of \$225 million) is equitable and will be agreed to by all parties. In return, the city must demand the following from its unions:

44. Anti-Social Security

Even more important than money is the city's ability to manage its labor force, an ability it has lost over time. Work rules must be altered, productivity must be increased, excessive fringe benefits must be reduced.

Our current Neanderthal personnel system makes it virtually impossible to receive a fair return for wages paid. The city can only rarely promote an employee for good performance—it can't reward him with a merit raise. And many employees and middle managers can't be reassigned or transferred without their consent. Both the city and the rank and file are hurt by this system. The fiscal-crisis layoffs have been conducted crudely—remember "last hired, first fired." Younger, better-educated employees were lost, along with many of the minority workers added in recent years.

The city must free itself from the practice of assigning its employees to one agency for life. A clerk at the Department of Environmental Protection could do the same job at the

Fire Department, where more bodies are needed.

The ability to manage is crucial. "It is more important," says former MAC Treasurer Donna Shalala, "than any fiscal question, any labor negotiation, or any other issue facing the city."

45. Retirement Robbery

Pension benefits for city employees are now budgeted at \$1.2 billion a year. "The current formulas," says Joseph Metz, executive director of the state Pension Commission, "are inherently too liberal"—in many instances more generous than those in other cities or private industry.

For most city retirees with more than twenty years of service, says Metz, total income after retirement will actually be higher than the money made while working.

An obvious example is former Mayor Beame. As mayor, Beame's salary was \$60,000. His combined city benefit retirement package comes to \$64,000 a year.

Reform is needed, but it won't be easy. As things now stand, no city employee hired before 1976 can have his pension benefits diminished. If this requirement could be replaced, or if the unions would agree to a pension change in exchange for extra cash up front, the fairest deal would be this—for current employees, benefits would be computed on a two-tiered basis: For service completed before 1979, benefits should be computed under the present system; all future service would fall under a new, reduced-pension formula. According to Metz, the city could immediately reduce its pension costs by more than \$250 million, which would do wonders for our deficit.

46. The Pension Pot

Five separate pension funds currently cover city employees. They are effectively under the investment thumb of the controller's office, but each lacks the necessary staff or expertise to manage its membership's assets, which total around \$8 billion.

All the pension systems are underfunded. For the future, and in fairness to the rank and file, they need to be consolidated and provided with a competent staff.

47. Your Own Way

It's called ITHP—increased take-home pay—and it's a method whereby the city agreed to temporarily pick up a big chunk of pension contributions that would otherwise have been the responsibility of the employees themselves. Mayor Beame encouraged the state legislature to cut this giveaway in half. The other half should go too—at a savings of \$90 million.

48. Double Annuity

City taxpayers contribute \$24 million annually to union annuity funds—supplemental pension plans the unions offer their members. It costs the city between \$1 and \$2 per day per employee to fund this union benefit.

The annuity-fund contribution must end—the city already supports one pension system and makes a Social Security contribution.

49. The Heart Bypass

A real gem. This law presumes that all heart trouble developed by police and firemen is job-related. A retiree so qualified gets three-quarters pay, tax-free, for life. Albany must vote repeal.

On the whole, disability payments have skyrocketed. In 1974, the Fire Department projected a \$67,000 payment for disability bene-

**Consolidate the
city's five pension
plans.**

**Permit merit raises
for civil-service
employees; authorize
interagency
transfers.**

**Make cops and
firemen prove
disabilities.**

fits. The city ended up paying \$3.4 million—5,000 times the anticipated cost. In fact, of 3,564 Fire Department pensions being paid in 1975, well over a third were at three-quarters pay. The situation is nearly as bad in the Police Department. And just last month, the outgoing commissioner, Mike Codd, requested a heart-bill "pension" designed to give him \$46,000 a year for life—just \$1,000 less than his active annual salary, but really a lot more, since he wouldn't have had to pay taxes on the pension.

The city must investigate disability claims thoroughly. Periodic checkups and ongoing medical reports should be mandatory. And a disability for one job—a broken trigger finger for a cop—shouldn't keep the city from using the disabled worker in another capacity.

50. Overtime Overkill

Except for recent city employees, pensions are computed on the basis of the final year's salary—including overtime.

Increasingly, employees have padded their final work year in order to increase their pensions, a practice which in some cases has resulted in a 50 percent hike in pension benefits—"a disgrace, a ripoff," says Anthony Russo, chief of the Labor Relations Office.

The solution could take two forms. Via a constitutional amendment, all employee pensions could be calculated on an average of the final five years of work. Or city commissioners could place strict controls on overtime—especially in the employee's final year.

51. The 40-Hour Week

California's employees work 40 hours. So do federal civil servants. State employees are on the job for 37.5 hours, the city's for only 35.

Unless productivity increases, the city will have no choice but to try and reinstate a 40-hour week. After all, when we last needed it, during the Depression, Mayor LaGuardia instituted a 48-hour week, and the city's employees worked the extra eight hours on Saturday for no extra pay.

52. Two Strikes and Out

Under the new financial reforms generated by the city's brush with bankruptcy, quarterly financial reports are now required from all agency heads. To ensure the utmost in managerial controls, any agency chief who fails to meet his budget for more than two consecutive quarters should be fired.

53. Radio-Free New York

New York City owns and operates educational radio and television stations at a cost of \$1.68 million per year. We don't need them—not today.

54. Who Needs the Board of Estimate?

The Board of Estimate's legislative and executive powers overlay those of the City Council and create an inherent conflict of interest for its members. Senator Roy Goodman's recent Charter Revision Commission weighed the possibility of abolishing the board but stopped short of recommending such a radical measure. It shouldn't have stopped.

By abolishing the board, the City Council could become a real legislative body. The council members' \$25,000 annual stipends and the votes of their constituents entitle them to legislative authority. Let the council assume the Board of Estimate's role and maybe, in four years, they'll deserve that raise.



FINANCE

If New York City were a private corporation, it would have been bankrupt long ago. Thanks in large part to the federal government's short-term seasonal loans, the city is still afloat—barely. At \$13.9 billion, the city's budget is second only to the federal government's. Which would be fine except that by 1981 the cumulative budget gap is projected to be \$1.7 billion—more than enough to fund the city's fire and criminal-justice services for a year.

Depending on who's counting, the city faces a budget deficit of anywhere from \$249 million to over \$500 million in the next year alone. How quickly and how effectively the city closes that gap will determine its ultimate solvency. The city, finally, with the promise of a twentieth-century accounting system, can no longer profess ignorance.

The problem is twofold. First there is the budget. More dollars are scheduled to flow out than in. And even if the budget is balanced, there is still a second problem—credit. The city's cash-flow problem continues to demand short-term loans—over \$2 billion annually.

Of course, these problems are intertwined. Without a balanced budget, no one, least of all the federal government, is going to lend New York the cash it needs to operate. At the same time, the ease with which the city can meet its debt payments and obtain operating cash will determine its ability to provide essential services.

Right now, the ability to borrow *anything* is in severe doubt. The city's failure to market \$200 million in short-term notes last November illustrates the continuing unwillingness of private investors to stake their money on New York's future.

Private loans should still be actively sought from the nation's conventional credit markets. In fact, they must be. But the emphasis for now has to be on a continuation of the federal seasonal loans first committed to New York in late 1975. Those loans expire on June 30, and they must be extended in some form if the Koch mayoralty is to avoid becoming a receivership.

The city's chances for federal loans are already hampered by the calendar—1978 is a federal election year; it's hard enough being pro-New York without having to worry about your congressional opponent's accusing you of coddling welfare cheats in Sin City. It's harder still when you have to explain why you're vot-

End final-year padding by retiring employees; base pensions on the final five years.

Bring back the 40-hour work week.

Dump commissioners who exceed their budgets.

Sell the city's radio and television stations.

Dissolve the Board of Estimate.

Blueprint city financial requirements for the next three years.

Give a control board authority over city budgets.

Synchronize city and state fiscal calendars.

Refinance city securities with MAC-bond exchange.

Fund capital construction with MAC bonds.

ing for another handout just three years after the city promised it would never need one again.

In working toward solvency a number of financing, planning, and managerial actions must be taken.

55. A Three-Year Plan

In 1975, the city's ability to provide Congress with a three-year fiscal blueprint—an exhaustive outline of the city's financial situation—helped persuade reluctant legislators that New York was serious about putting its house in order. For the most part, the city has made a legitimate effort to adhere to that plan. The need for renewed federal assistance stems from a problem largely beyond the city's control—the inability to borrow short-term cash in the private markets. Congress and the Treasury Department want another three-year plan—reason enough to prepare one—and it can also serve as a master program for city operations.

56. Voice of Authority

Whatever trust the city commands in the corporate and financial worlds derives from the existence of two outside oversight agencies: Big MAC and the Emergency Financial Control Board. The city and its elected leaders lack credibility with the federal government, the business community, and the investing public. The people with money want their guarantees from Felix Rohatyn, not Ed Koch.

The EFCB is scheduled to expire on June 30, 1978. The city must support either the control board's extension or the reconstitution of MAC as both a financing and an oversight agent. In either case, an oversight agency must continue to have the ability to reject labor contracts and must be given new authority to formulate a city budget if the city's own proposals are faulty or inadequate.

Besides underwriting the city's integrity, a strong control board can be the mayor's best friend: He can play tough by telling his petitioners that he'd like to give them more money but can't because the oversight panel won't let him.

57. Bond Swap

The city has about \$7 billion in bonds outstanding. Big MAC, with its own borrowing power and generous interest rates, has added \$5 billion more. That's a lot of debt.

A billion dollars in various city bonds will mature next year. As many of these bonds as possible must be refinanced through a "swap" for long-term MAC bonds, trading an early payment date for a higher yield. In addition to avoiding huge principal pay-outs, a "swap" for MAC bonds would, according to MAC Chairman Felix Rohatyn, save the city over \$100 million. It would also result in a drop in the real-estate tax, which is pegged to debt service—the less the city owes, the lower the real-estate tax.

58. Borrow to Build

In addition to meeting operating expenses, the city must obtain cash for capital expenditures—moneys allocated for construction and maintenance of the city's physical plant, structures like our fast-deteriorating roadways and bridges. The \$1 billion needed each year should be financed through MAC, for the same reasons other borrowing is being handled by that agency: MAC has the credibility and marketing power to sell the necessary bonds

at fair interest rates. Legislative action is required; the mayor should push for it.

59. Early Payment

It may seem unlikely now, but it is possible that the city's economic posture will improve during the next decade—perhaps sooner if, for example, the federal government assumes all welfare costs. The corporate exodus seems finally to be slowing, and manufacturing jobs are inching up at last. If our fiscal position does improve, the city should be permitted to pay off its bonds early and save millions in interest costs. MAC bonds already permit early retirement. Any new issues of long-term city securities should have similar provisions—even at the expense of an interest-rate premium. The city shouldn't have to spend twenty years paying off a security if it can do so in five.

60. Peter to Paul

Back in 1975, when the city was close to default, the state advanced it \$800 million in aid payments. In effect, what's happened since then is this: In order to pay back the state, the city borrows from the feds. To pay back the feds, the city again borrows \$800-million from the state. This fiscal merry-go-round costs the city \$50 million in interest each year. We have to get it out of our system, and the way to do it is for the city to sell \$800 million in long-term bonds. This would ultimately cut interest costs, reduce our annual borrowing needs, and end a confusing exercise in financial madness.

61. One Year, One Calendar

The city needs to borrow approximately \$1 billion in short-term funds each year largely because the state runs on a different fiscal calendar. More than half of the moneys received from Albany arrive in the last quarter of the city's fiscal year. A synchronization of all aid payments would unduly burden the state, but the synchronization of some payments would allow the city to reduce its federal-credit needs and the \$50 million in interest costs this lack of coordination incurs today. Achieving this would require a one-time catch-up tax—a long shot, given upstate legislative opposition, but still something worth exploring.

62. Render Unto Caesar

Currently, city property worth \$25 billion is tax-exempt. Half of this property is owned by the city and state. The other half is owned by a variety of landlords, including the federal government, universities, hospitals, and the church. The assessed value of St. Patrick's Cathedral is \$25 million. If taxed, St. Patrick's would provide the city with \$2.1 million. Port Authority properties would bring the city an additional \$100 million a year if taxed at normal rates—enough to pay the annual salaries and benefits of 4,000 cops.

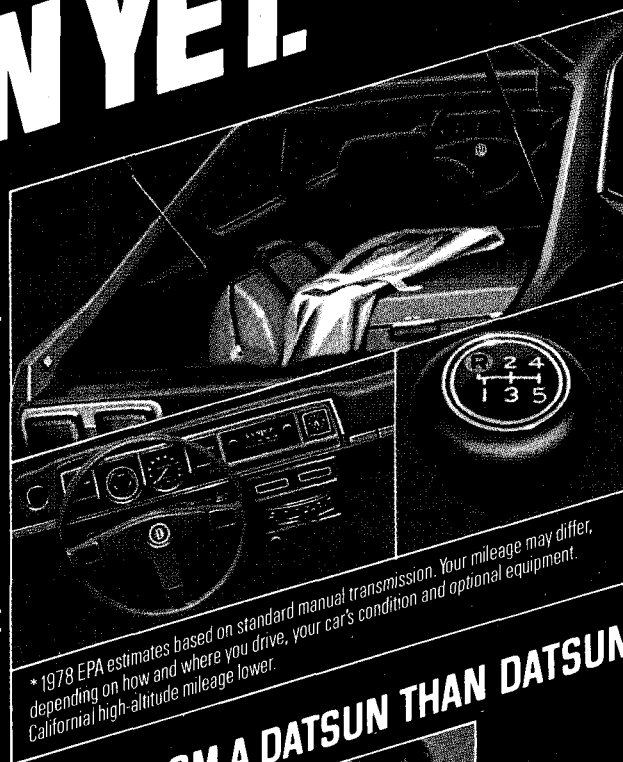
63. Federalize Welfare

Historically, Congress has opposed the federal assumption of welfare. MAC Chairman Felix Rohatyn has devised a plan which may make federalization more palatable to everyone. Rohatyn advocates lowering local taxes in exchange for federalization. Since local-tax payments are deducted from federal-tax filings, lower local levies mean more money for the U.S. Treasury, thereby offsetting a substantial amount of the projected welfare costs that the Treasury would have to bear.



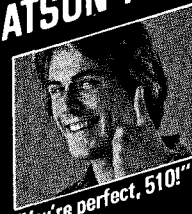
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Hustler's Mother

By Kathleen Maxa

“...‘I believe with all my heart in the old *Hustler*,’ says Larry Flynt’s wife, Althea, who has no intention of being born again...”

While her husband discusses the Scriptures with the president’s sister, the head of one of America’s most successful magazines sits curled in the burgundy-suede seat, her mind tuning out the “God talk” as she scribbles notes to herself on a legal pad. “Why not rename the ‘Kinky Korner’ feature . . . ‘Sexual Inner Healing,’” Althea Leasure Flynt says as the private jet passes over Kansas, heading toward Colorado.

Ruth Carter Stapleton smiles.

“Hey, I like that,” says Larry Flynt.

Praise the Lord. *Hustler* magazine is being born again.

There have been more difficult tasks than mixing religion with pornography—a camel passing through the eye of a needle comes to mind. But as the world knows, a very rich man named Larry Flynt—who makes over \$20 million a year publishing the most explicit of the mass-marketed skin magazines—is working to enter the kingdom of heaven. He plans to run a *Hustler* cover proclaiming, “Jesus Is Coming and Boy Is He Pissed,” and to publish illustrations depicting scenes from the Bible,

including a series of erotic paintings portraying Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden committing acts of sodomy.

Now that God has claimed Flynt’s soul, with the help of Ruth Carter Stapleton, it is up to a new publisher to find a place for Him between the dildo ads and crotch shots, to marry religion with raunch. But Flynt will not ignore his progeny, and as usual, his wife will serve as the buffer between the staff and her husband, whose editorial decisions were often whimsical even before God entered his life. Days after appointing left-leaning satirist Paul Krassner as *Hustler*’s publisher, Flynt left with Althea for a prayer-and-fast retreat in the Bahamas, but not before announcing the purpose of his vigil in full-page ads in 23 major newspapers, including the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post*—world peace, an end to hunger, and Hubert Humphrey’s cure.

While there, he decided to name Althea company president and retain the title of chairman of the board.

“I’m going to pay her \$500,000 a

year—I want her to be the highest-paid woman in America,” he said in a telephone conversation.

So if Flynt plans to sit at the right hand of God, it will be Althea, his fourth wife, who will sit at *his* right hand as he goes about the business of spreading God’s word in his Pepto-Bismol-pink jet.

“Right now, Larry wants to get a lot of new projects started up,” she said. “I want to be there with him in the planning stages.”

Althea, however, has no intention of being born again.

“I still believe with all my heart in the old *Hustler*,” she says almost wistfully. “We offered an outlet for readers to vent their hostility and sexual energy.”

It was Althea who dreamed up the castration photo feature two years ago, disgusting even *Hustler*’s jaded readers and prompting a flurry of critical letters. “As long as they’re talking,” Althea replied, “they’re interested.” She has had a carefully manicured hand in editorial decisions from the beginning. The magazine’s highly profitable mail-

“...I think about what Kay Graham must have gone through,’ Althea says. ‘I hope I’ll be as successful as she was’...”

order business, whose inflatable love dolls and sexual aids pander to every prurient interest known to man, bears her name—Leasure Time Products. She has posed in a nude centerfold, in the spread-legged position for which *Hustler* is noted. And before her promotion to president of *Hustler*, this 24-year-old high school dropout was earning \$100,000 a year as second in command behind her husband.

As far as Althea is concerned, pornography hardly exploits women.

The helicopter touches down on a snow-dusted golf course near Evergreen, Colorado, a moneyed place where the residents live on properties, not in houses. Four days after Thanksgiving, Althea is shopping for her Christmas present, a Rocky Mountain home where Flynt can get away to study the Bible. An eager real-estate agent hurries her into a waiting Cadillac sedan.

“I don’t want it small or big,” she tells the salesman. “I want it exquisite.”

She settles into the backseat, adjusting her calf-length, black-velvet cape, worn over a purple-velour jogging suit and Indian moccasins, which, together with the frizz of long black hair framing her face, make her look like a runaway gypsy princess.

“Those who live up here have made some sort of little niche for themselves,” the salesman says, as the car winds along the narrow road.

The first property, Greystone, includes 13.5 acres, three guesthouses, stables, a heated pool, and a main house with 10,000 square feet of “hearty English flavor,” as *Holiday Homes* magazine describes it.

The price: \$545,000. The view: Mount Evans.

Even as Althea mumbles weak protestations about the size of staff needed to maintain such a house, she is visualizing where she wants the leather chesterfield sofas and bearskin rugs.

But there are some problems. The five bathrooms and restaurant-size kitchen must be remodeled. The entire house needs a thorough redecorating. Althea can’t wait. She is anxious to escape the clamor of the press, the calls of Christians who want her and Flynt.

The next house is more modest and modern, a \$285,000 cedar-paneled split-level, tastefully furnished in Mexican and antique American pieces. Althea likes the little touches, such as the bathroom sink set in a barrel. She

warns the owner that if she buys it, she wants the furniture too. She tells him she’s in a hurry, that her husband “needs to get away and read.”

“Your husband, is he a writer?” the man asks.

“No, he’s a publisher,” Althea says, eyeing the plants, which she also wants. “He publishes *Hustler* magazine.”

“Well, I’ll be darned,” the man says.

“He just got converted,” she says, “so he has a lot of Bible reading to do.”

“Well, I’ll be darned,” the man says. “My wife is a Christian Scientist. She has one of those prayer groups every week. I’m sure she’d like for him to come.”

Two days later, Flynt buys the property, lock, stock, and barrel sink. He doesn’t have time to look at the house.

After his conversion, Flynt announced he would change “Chester the Molester,” a regularly featured cartoon character with a penchant for little girls, to “Chester the Protector.” Dwaine Tinsley, Chester’s creator, learned of the change just before Thanksgiving, when his boss was interviewed on *Today*.

“If someone goes on television and tells 20 million people what he’s going to do to my character and I go along with it, then I become a hack,” Tinsley stormed. Shortly after that, Althea was on the phone to the cartoonist, soothing his ruffled ego.

Althea had long served as the go-between for *Hustler*’s staff and her husband, who could be impatient and demanding. Now, as she tried to reconcile herself to her husband’s new zeal for Christ, she had to assure employees hired to publish a skin magazine that religion and pornography could be combined. In fact she had only vague notions of what the spring, 1978, editions of *Hustler* would look like, since the magazine works three or four months ahead. Adding to the turmoil is Flynt’s new fascination with a right-wing, conspiracy-crazed group who call themselves Christian patriots and believe they can predict cancer through a simple chemical analysis of a person’s saliva and urine, then cure it by diet. (All that stands in the way of their healing the world, they say, is a villainous conspiracy between the American government and the medical establishment to keep them from practicing medicine without a license.) Now Flynt was talking of curing Hubert Humphrey.

As Althea’s rented helicopter headed back to her hotel in Colorado Springs, *Hustler*’s top editorial staff was arriving from Columbus, Ohio, to meet with her. (Flynt was attending a “Think Positive Rally” in Iowa City, Iowa.)

Hustler’s executive editor, Bruce David, joined Althea for dinner. She lit a Kool and ordered a half bottle of red Bordeaux, the only alcohol she drinks.

“What about Leasure Time Products?” David asked her. “Are we going to stop running those ads?”

“My suggestion was to drop them from *Hustler*,” she said, “but run them in other magazines.”

“Are dildos instruments of the Lord, for doing God’s work?” David asked.

“To Him only the real thing counts.”

“I suppose I should tell you that one of the writers got drunk in the office yesterday and started puking all over the place.”

“Who was it? What’s his phone number? I’m going to call him right now. Oh, I’m going to make him feel so guilty.”

“Althea, you have to understand, there’s been some pressure and uncertainty around here lately. Maybe he just felt like he needed to release it.”

“Not on our time.”

Althea was the fourth of five children born to Richard Leasure, an inspector for a General Motors plant in Columbus, Ohio, and his wife, June, a nurse who worked with the mentally retarded. “She was very beautiful, with really pretty blue eyes,” Althea remembers. “He was handsome—a real charmer.”

“She married him when she was fifteen or sixteen, just after he got back from the war. He was a gunner. They say he was never right after he got out. They say he was so jealous of her that he wouldn’t let her have friends or read magazines.”

Nevertheless, Althea remembers her father warmly. As the youngest daughter, dimpled, dark-eyed Althea was his favorite. And she recalls how her mother used to allow her, snuggled in a blanket on the couch, to wait up for him to return from a late-night shift. When Althea was eight, her father murdered her mother, her grandfather, and her mother’s best friend. Then he killed himself. Althea and her younger brother and older sisters were at school.

“I remember the principal came into the classroom,” she recalls. “I sat up



Sitting on top of the world: Althea Leasure Flynt is now in charge of the multi-million-dollar Hustler empire; her husband, Larry, has been reborn. Truly, He moves in mysterious ways.

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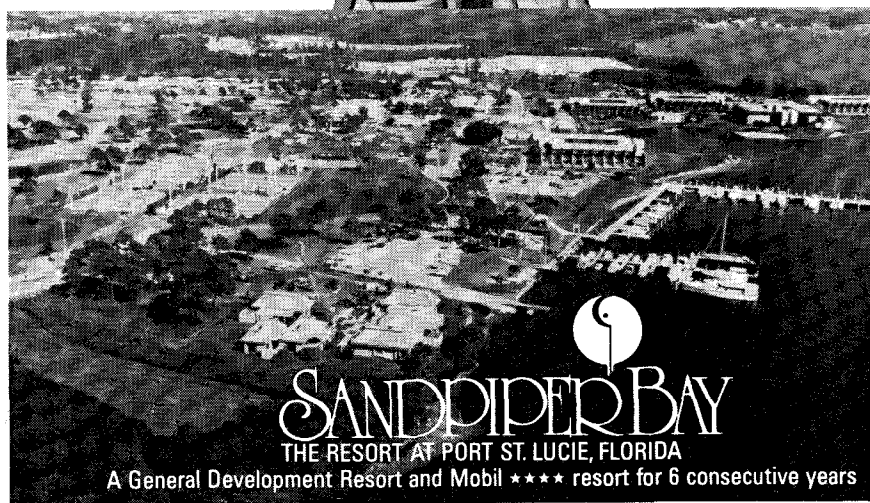
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real straight, you know how you do when the principal comes in. I saw that his face was white, his eyes were red. All of a sudden the teacher said, 'Althea, would you come up here?'

"I put all my crayons and my pencils and all the things that didn't belong to the school in my satchel. I knew it was my last day in that school. Then I went and got my coat."

The principal gathered the Leasure children together and told them their parents were dead.

"My older sisters started crying," Althea remembers. "So then I started to cry because I thought that's what I was supposed to do. My brother never did cry."

Over the next eight years, she was shuffled between relatives and orphanages.

From the beginning, Althea's parents had nurtured a sense of "specialness" in their favorite daughter. She was given the "special" name, although she says she never knew why they chose an obscure Greek name which means "healer."

"I asked once, after they died," she says. "Nobody knew. So I dropped it."

At the orphanage, Althea became a ward of the state, along with empty-eyed children who had never known any other home. No one was special there. Everyone wore the same clothes, ate the same food, and followed the same institutionalized regimen.

"They took away my shoes and made me wear long skirts down to my ankles," she recalls bitterly. "They wouldn't even let me try to look pretty."

She ran away regularly.

"We had these housemothers who were mean and selfish," she says. "I used to like to beat them up, which meant I ended up in isolation. They put you in a bare room with dirty floors and a single mattress that was stained and filthy and stank. I still remember the smell. They put a pot and a roll of toilet paper in the room. Then they locked you in. I think the longest I was in was a couple of weeks."

When she was thirteen, she committed the ultimate act of rebellion. She sneaked outside to the orphanage grounds with her boyfriend and made love for the first time.

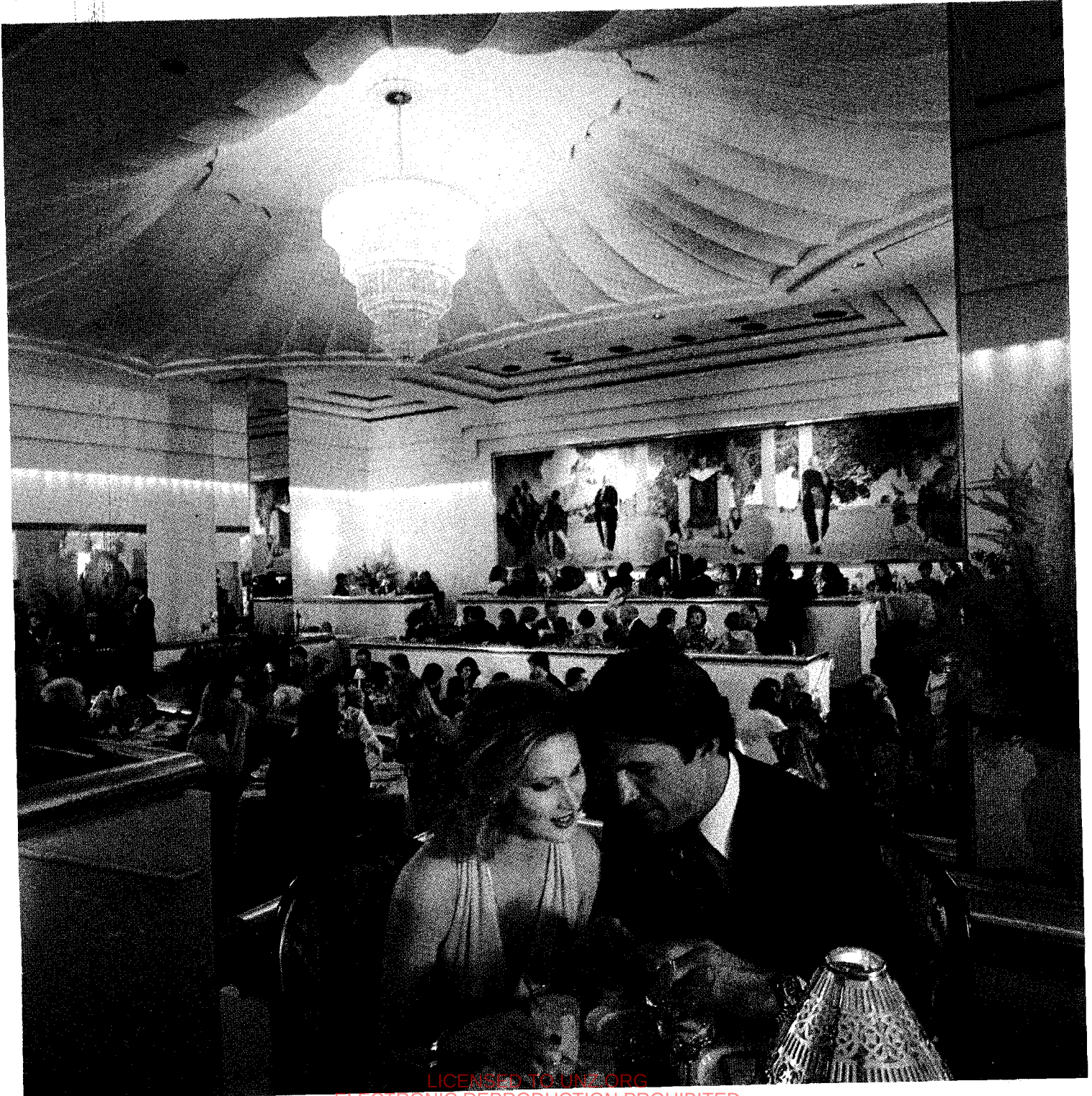
It is the only fond memory she has of the place.

Althea met Flynt when she was seventeen. In her first months out of the orphanage she burned up most of the \$10,000 trust fund her parents had left her, experimenting with heroin and other drugs and outfitting herself in the wigs and gold boots necessary to achieve the Vampirella look she favored then. With the help of an older sister, Althea, a minor, went to work

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as a \$90-a-week dancer in one of a chain of Hustler clubs owned by Flynt, then 28.

"From the moment I met Larry," she says, "I knew we were the same. He became father, lover, friend."

Still, their seven-year relationship has been sexually freewheeling. He has allowed her to play out her every sexual fantasy, including a brief fling with bisexuality, which she feels made her "a better person" but which she doesn't advocate for everyone.

"I never could stand a man I could dominate," she says, "but because I'm a strong-willed person I had the need to dominate someone else. I don't mean binding and gagging and beating. I mean the feeling that you're the aggressor, that you're the one who manipulates the situation, who makes someone else feel totally feminine."

When she spotted a *Hustler* model or any attractive woman she thought Flynt might like, she arranged a get-together between the sheets. She insists that she has never worried about the competition.

The Gatsby-style wedding that Flynt lavished on her seventeen months ago, the marriage ceremony performed by a Methodist minister, was a concession to the presence of Flynt's eight-year-old daughter by his third marriage. Theresa lives with them in a \$375,000 Tudor mansion in Columbus, Ohio, the only one on the block with a basement decorated in chicken wire and corncobs, to re-create Flynt's humble beginnings in a Kentucky log cabin. A rose garden and a heart-shaped bathtub hark back to Althea's past. When the Flynts were scraping along, trying to turn his nightclub newsletter into the *Hustler* magazine of today, Althea told him the tub and the garden were the two things she wanted in life.

Life was simpler then, when they struggled together to meet the rent on the one-bedroom apartment. Now that the competition for Flynt's attention has shifted from occasional one-night stands to religion, Althea is uneasy.

The week before Thanksgiving, while she was at work in Columbus, Flynt called her from San Antonio. A few hours earlier, two fundamentalist Christians had approached him and asked if he would pray with them. There in the airport he knelt, and there in the airport he felt "the real, dramatic manifestation of God." Flynt then called Althea and asked her to meet him in New Orleans; there he told her of his conversion. "My first reaction was to joke about it," she recalls. "I told him, 'God may have walked into your life, but \$20 million a year just walked out.' I thought he was crazy, or having a nervous break-

“...For a while she blamed Ruth Stapleton; she pleaded, ‘Give me back my Larry,’ as the president’s sister comforted her...”

down. I kept asking him if he was all right. Then I got angry. I felt cheated. Suddenly he was a whole different person and I felt left out in the cold.”

In the first flush of joy at his new belief, Flynt called evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton. “I thought she’d be happy to hear what had happened to me,” he says. The Flynts spent the next three days with Ms. Stapleton while she conducted gospel meetings in Montgomery, Houston, and Dallas; and on the Flynts’ jet on the way to Colorado, the president’s sister baptized Larry, who told his wife later that he had seen a vision of a man called Paul and had fallen to his knees, promising to give up everything, including Althea.

For a while she blamed Ruth Stapleton; crying in frustration, she pleaded, “Give me back my Larry,” as the president’s sister comforted her. She says now that she no longer faults Ruth. But she is suspicious of Flynt’s zealous new friends who wear “Try God” pins on their double-knit lapels.

“I’ve got to accept the fact that I am number two in his life and God is number one,” she says self-reproachingly. “That’s been the hardest thing about this whole conversion.”

And while she struggles to overcome these strange new feelings of jealousy, she resists Flynt’s encouraging her to let Christ into her life too as stubbornly as she once fought against the orphanage. Instead, she succumbs to her craving for rich foods and sweets. Too many butter creams and chocolate mousses are taking their toll. This worries her too.

Ironically, when they moved into their Columbus home in June, 1976, it was Althea who made sure there was a Bible in the house. “But I never really read it myself until Larry’s conversion,” she says. “I had to find the answers for myself.”

The answers for which she searches are increasingly found between the covers of the dog-eared Bible Flynt carries with him everywhere. She must be prepared to discuss the apostle Paul

or a particular passage from Genesis as readily as she once answered questions on magazine copy deadlines.

“There were times when I wanted to ask God into my life,” she admits. “But I could never do that to Larry.”

After all, someone must keep a worldly eye on the business while Flynt follows the dictates of a Higher Voice.

So she wonders about the other women who have followed successful publisher husbands from the bedroom to the boardroom.

“I think about Kay Graham and what she must have gone through,” Althea says. “I would hope I will be as successful at taking over as she was. Or Clare Boothe Luce. There’s a kind of sisterhood between those of us who have had to take over something someone else has built, struggling not just to make it continue but to make it better. That’s where the real memorial comes in.

“I know right now Larry’s doing everything for God. But I’m still doing it for profit.”

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NAKIAN AND BLADEN, ON THE STREETS

"...Isn't it strange that nowadays, when all is uncertain and art itself contingent, there's money for modernist public sculpture?..."

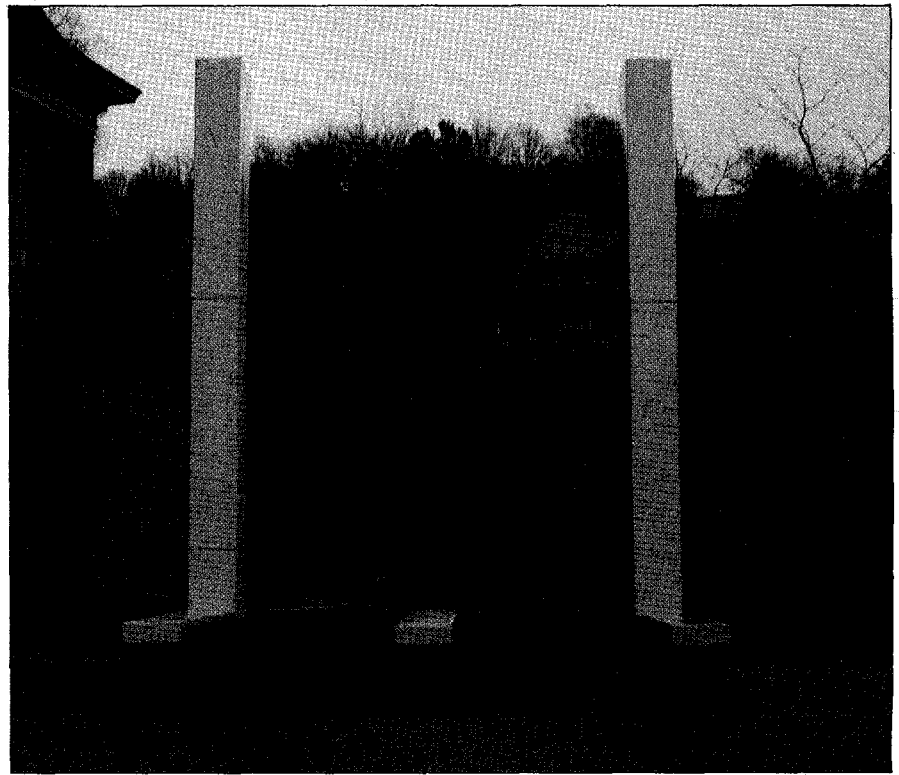
Public abstract sculpture perversely seems to blossom in wintertime. Who will forget the sight of Bryant Park almost ten years ago, when snowflakes, grown huge and gray and velvety from the exhalations of carbon monoxide and lead, wheeled among the geometries of Tony Smith?

This winter, travelers proceeding along Second Avenue can pause for spiritual comfort at the northeast corner of 34th Street, where, in the plaza of the cathedral of the Armenians, **Reuben Nakian's** *Descent From the Cross* has been installed. A 6,700-pound bronze, eleven and a half feet high, it is cast in the bull-chested mold of Peter Paul Rubens's Antwerp Christophoros—a suspension of thighs and beams, meaty slabs, and brazen shoulders. Sculpture and myth, solid flesh and black voids, interpenetrate with processional dignity.

For some viewers, it might seem too heavy, overloaded with historical associations and operatic gestures. But that can't be helped. Nakian is 80 years old. He has too much history behind him to appear simple or easy. A colleague of Lachaise in Manship's studio, official portraitist to FDR's brain trust, friend of Arshile Gorky, he worked with Joseph Brummer, he showed with Charles Egan. And like the Ancient Mariner, he keeps his story polished. His experiences are available at the tip of his fingers. His is an art that stops you on Second Avenue, grabs your arm, and talks your ear off about Greece and Venice and Versailles.

In Nakian's more relaxed, easier works, in his rapid ink drawings, for example, or his terra-cotta plaques incised with brilliant, old-goat fantasies, many critics discover a more successful, if less ambitious, expression. Purple patches from Hesiod, love-among-the-ruins pastorales, are treated with an expert virtuosity that keeps the artist's vision, and his materials, fresh, delightful, appetizing, seductive.

Nakian's large pieces, including *Descent From the Cross*, his latest, evidence the years of planning, replanning, adding, destroying. He doesn't strive for an exact placement of edges.



Banana split: Ronald Bladen's *The Rockers*, 1965, at the Hudson River Museum.

Rather, he shoves forms around, slicing, adding, shredding, slapping wet on wet until a certain stasis is achieved. You walk by the noble bronze on Second Avenue in the rain (it always rains on 34th Street) and pause to watch the waters of Manhattan streaming down the scarred, lumpy surfaces, trickling into valleys and holes from crumpled edges. Like tears, like blood, like the cold sweat of agony. Rain defines another plane shimmering around the massive sculpture, a place where pathos crowds the imperatives of art.

I hope that the hierarchy of the church reconsiders the installation, which is too low at present. The piece crouches just off the ground. *Descent From the Cross* wants to be up in the air, above the railings. It needs to intercept skyward glances. You should catch its profile against racing clouds and the blue, saline skies of New York Harbor.

Another distinguished outdoor sculpture, by **Ronald Bladen**, titled *Kama Sutra*, rears its vertical central member on Grand Army Plaza, adding an object, as it were, to the visual sentence which opens with the fountain nymph in front of the Plaza (she's got to be a subject), followed by General Sherman (a verb if there ever was one), and now Bladen's black-and-white mass completes the sequence.

When asked to explain his title, *Kama Sutra*, Bladen, a quiet, Canadian-born, West Coast-educated New Yorker—gangling and disheveled, like Gary Cooper before Hollywood filled all the cracks with gloss—looked silently at the floor. It's "a romantic fantasy," he allowed, adding that in the *Sutra*, a sacred Buddhist sex manual, he read about some maidens who walked into the night woods to worship secretly the image of a lingam.

Kama Sutra is one of three large sculptures that comprise an exhibition

(through 1/31) of Bladen "proposals," organized by the Hudson River Museum, an energetic new resource, in Yonkers, with a library, planetarium, period rooms in a Victorian mansion, plus a strategic infusion of modernist exhibits among concrete galleries overlooking the river. Bladen's earliest piece, *The Rockers*, twenty feet high, dominates a courtyard in the museum. The third piece, still untitled, is on a parkland strip alongside the Bronx River Parkway just south of Exit 10.

Bladen began as a painter, then turned to bas-reliefs; *The Rockers*, 1965, is his first mature sculpture—the first to satisfy him—and it's a piece he returns to over and over again for "emotional solutions" to the conflicts of shape with fantasy that mark this artist's peculiar brand of Minimalism. Its two yellow uprights set between pontoonlike wedges are meant to rock in the breeze. Time evidently has stiffened its joints. A gale was blowing when I visited the piece and it didn't stir. The yellow masts pushed stiffly into the suburban air, etched against nests of Calvin Coolidge cottages and maple twigs bleached by the frost. The black locking units make a sturdy trapezoidal raft—a place where art can float in regal solitude.

In the years between *The Rockers*, 1965, and *Kama Sutra*, 1977, Bladen completed about a dozen major pieces, most of them constructed out of planks and boards, from carefully scaled models. All his pieces are meant to be finished in smooth metal. All of them are big; some are vast. They look massive. Bladen appreciates a bulk that can talk back to the gabble of modern city life. His pieces loom off-angle, lunge, lean with the wind like a heeling catamaran. Lucy Lipard once wrote about an "opening crowd [that] remained at the other end of the room rather than risk conversation under [Bladen's] overhanging and awe-inspiring planes." The sculptures usually look precarious, seldom symmetrical. Instead of fending off associations, like most Minimalist sculptures, Bladen's works seem rooted in gloriously egocentric, subconscious visions and sensations. They drink associations as thirstily as a Rorschach inkblot test or a Pollock drip painting. The sculpture is steeped in the optimistic dreams of the 1950s.

"Isn't it strange," I asked him, "that in the 1950s, when everybody was sure of art, certain about culture, when America seemed heroic and Manhattan was a skyscraper dream, there wasn't a dime for big, public sculpture? While nowadays, after Vietnam and Watergate and all the rest, when Amer-

ica's future seems shadowed and doubtful, when art itself seems contingent, and everything is uncertain, in flux, nowadays there's money for monumental public sculpture commissions?" There are hefty Bladens in Albany, Buffalo, Palm Beach. He's working on a major project for Des Moines. Pieces by Carl Andre, Mark di Suvero, Dan Flavin, Claes Oldenburg, Alexander Liberman, and others dominate vast civic areas. Such artists would have seemed subversive or ludicrous to mayors and boards of directors and bureaucrats only fifteen years ago. Now, while everything is falling apart, anything goes.

Bladen takes such questions in his stride. He accepts unquestioningly the fact that he's an artist—an old-fashioned shaman-poet, a teller of true visions. He's happy that, at last, a bit of cash is trickling his way and that he can construct his private assertions in a time of public doubts. And, for a public art, his work is very private.

Bladen is an original "Tenth Streeter"—a member of an exclusive, unfashionable club. He had a studio in the mid-1950s alongside those of de Kooning, Vicente, Resnick, Pavia, Hare, Sander, Spaventa, Gabe Kohn, Rosati, and so many others on East 10th Street, between Third and Fourth avenues. And he exhibited in one of the co-op galleries across the way, the Brata. With Al Held, George Sugarman, and several others he was shown by critic Irving Sandler under the rubric "Concrete Expressionists"—one of several gallant attempts to make a bit of categorical sense out of a cheerfully chaotic moment. The 10th Street type was (and remains) a meditative, sensitive bohemian; a lover of poetry and not linguistics, of John Cage's music, Merce Cunningham's dance, Rudolph Burckhardt's films; an artist with strong opinions and few words.

Bladen remains an unreconstructed fifties type. *Kama Sutra*, proposed for steel and aluminum, in its present state is wood and board, painted with slapdash gusto by a youthful team of contractors. Even Bladen admits, "It's really hairy." Quite a lot of black and white paint has sloshed onto the expensive Fifth Avenue paving. Bits and pieces of board fly in the breeze. There is a rugged Franz Kline resonance to it rather than the clipped, hard-edged reticence of conventional Minimal sculpture.

Bladen accepts the necessity of hairy stages on his way to impossible perfection. He doesn't use Cor-Ten steel—the standard modernist material. It's too busy for him; he doesn't like visi-

ble welds, valleys, scrapes, or any of the incidents and accidents to which sculptural flesh is heir. Bladen's ideal is taut silken cladding, probably aluminum with flush riveting as if for transonic flight. His forms dream of Platonic definitions.

Bladen's proposals, for all their minimal impact and hairy friction, have something of a floating, aleatory quality. *Kama Sutra* holds itself aloft, a white irregular rectangle braced by two smaller, congruent shapes; each shape has one perpendicular; no sides are of equal length; no angles correspond. The rectangle hunches on one leg, soars on the other, races toward a base on the third. Walking under the piece, you note that each black flank, from a certain angle, perfectly masks out the central white tower. So, as you move by, you get a flashing on-and-off effect, like a clear beam from a crazy lighthouse. There's a romantic challenge in Bladen's concept, a touching gesture at the sky dominated by skyscrapers and hotels.

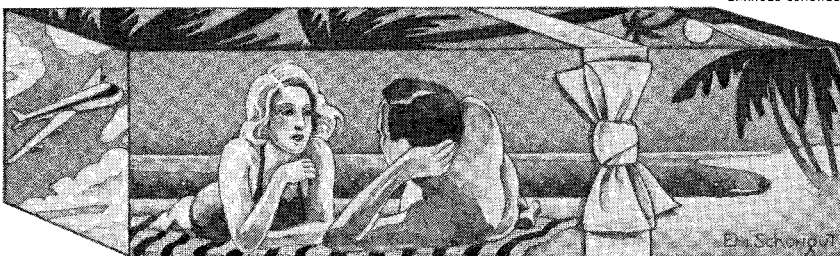
Bladen's proposals are fabricated under his careful, mother-hen supervision from models that are famously overconstructed. It is well known that inside each Bladen is a Kafkaesque dungeon of ramps, beams, braces, struts, ties, and other members that look far more complicated than the relatively simple structure ought to need. When asked about this secret sculpture hidden inside his public statues, Bladen explains that he is concerned with safety and convenience. He "overcompensates" in engineering because he wants to make sure that nobody gets squashed by his overhangs. Also, because he sells his works with such difficulty, he has to store them after each exhibition is finished. Thus it's convenient to make them strong so they can be cut into chunks large enough for easy reassembly.

I think the skeletons hidden inside Bladen's works also are an expression of this hermetic artist's personality and mode of perception. He doesn't push himself forward. Nor does his sculpture. For all its drama, each piece waits patiently for study and recognition. Each will repay hours of contemplation. And, ideally, you should become familiar with the unshown interiors just as you should with the backs of Michelangelo's Medici-tomb figures. You can only know such elements from documents—from photographs and models. But you sense their importance, their gravity—like prayers tucked inside wheels spinning above the Himalayas, like paintings on the walls of caves so dark that no one can see them.

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

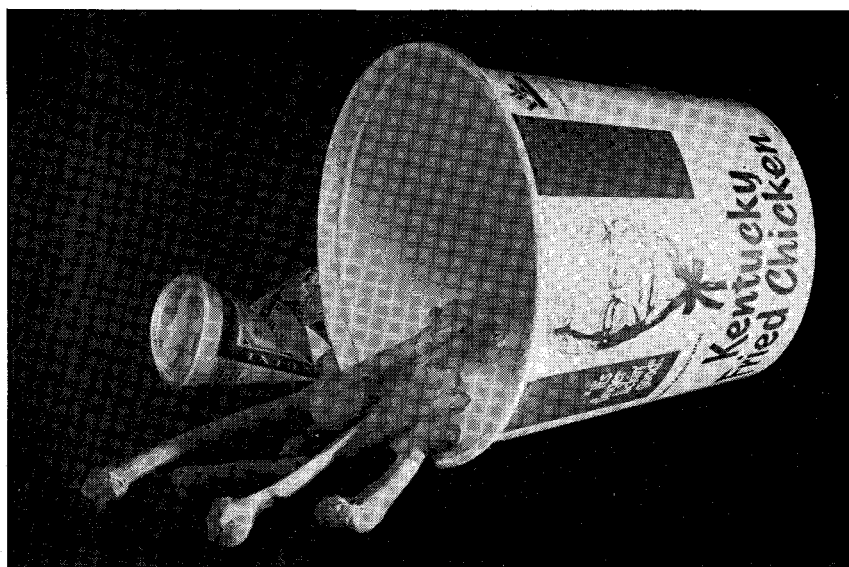
By Ellen Stern



Havana Heat Wave

For the past sixteen years, the only way we Yanquis could reach Cuba was through Mexico or Canada. No more! Caribbean Holidays is ready with the first direct charter trips. The \$573 rate includes round-trip fare on TWA, hotel, three meals daily, and six tours—which means we can spend eight days and seven nights on the long-forbidden island and see for ourselves if Latins are indeed lousy lovers.

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Eats of Clay

"It's kind of a continuation of my trash series," says sculptor Victor Spinski, who's down in Delaware whipping up ceramic condemnations of the folks who spill their Cokes on their French fries, douse their cigars in their ketchup, leave lipstick on their Styrofoam cups, etc. "It's all about restaurant sloppiness . . . an unappetizing aftermath," he explains. Uh-huh.

VICTOR SPINSKI/January 6-28/Theo Portnoy Gallery/56 West 57th Street

Deck the Haul

Now that the results are in, the Donny and Marie dolls out of tune and the board games boring, tote the unwanted Christmas toys to Play It Again for recycling. The shop's biggest secondhand sellers are wood jigsaw puzzles, ice skates, football helmets, bikes, trikes, playpens, cribs, and dollhouse furniture (for which there is a waiting list)—usually resold for one third to one half the price.

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Pastille Day

If you are husky of throat, you may need a tin of Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles. If you are not, you may want the tin more for its marvelous wordage than its mentholated contents. Says the copy: "Especially valuable for Singers & Public Speakers. As recommended by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving, Etc." Celebrity endorsements are nothing new, you see.

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES
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Stormin' Norma

Norma Kamali, whose wrapped-leg pants and disco jumpsuits were best-sellers four years ago (long before they were served up as the hot news in Paris), has moved on to stretch pants, which, at \$75, are selling like the fashion equivalent of popcorn. With them, Norma likes this ruffle top in turquoise silk (\$265).

—Priscilla Tucker

KAMALI/787 Madison Avenue, near
67th Street/861-6473



Theater/John Simon

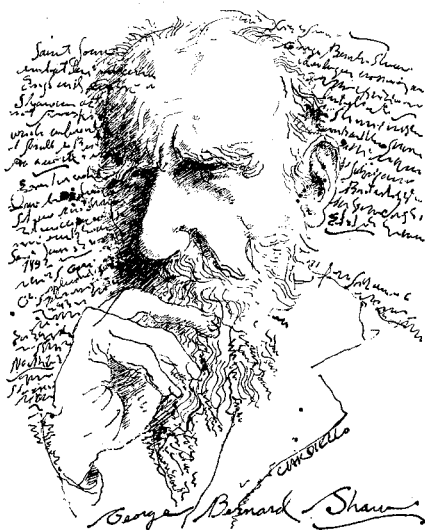
HARD LUCK FOR THE IRISH

“... Miss Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress—that she is, simply is not *Saint Joan*. She is not inspired ...”

The wonderful thing about any Shavian play is the play of intellect in it. The actors may sit or stand about doing nothing but talk, but the talk is all embattled ideas, ideologies crossing blades with ideologies as sparks of wit fly off in all directions, perhaps even kindling bonfires in the more inflammable minds out front. Everybody in a Shaw play is intelligent in his fashion, even some of the fools. That is because every character is a little GBS, say his detractors. Perhaps so, but it is a financier or brigand, surgeon or saint, emperor or suffragette saturated with Shaw's intelligence, so that it is not the playwright—that gaunt, bearded, sardonic figure in Norfolk jacket and plus fours—that dons a toga or armor, a cassock or cutaway, but his mind that enters those various creations of his. A Shaw in skirts might be ludicrous; but Shaw's capacious mind embedded in any being is an enhancement of it: its intellectual, and therefore human, heightening.

I myself have sometimes carped at a certain lack of poetry, or wildness, or a mere touch of asymmetry, in a play like *Saint Joan*. But I was wrong. There are actually flashes of lyricism in it; more important, though, is the sheer luminescence of that restlessly revolving intellect, like one of those multifaceted mirrored globes over a dance floor, scattering radiance on all who are willing to participate in the dance. Truly, *Saint Joan* is that rare thing, a play of ideas not starved of action, a play of winged words abounding also in visual *coups de théâtre*. Even the long monologues are nothing but thought racing ahead in pursuit of truths: incomplete, partial, biased, *human* truths, but always astonishing, as another person's truths are to us—not merely ingenious, witty, and undisturbing, as our own truths sound in the somewhat cleverer mouth of a Neil Simon or an Alan Ayckbourn.

Ultimately it is the intellectual generosity of Shaw that is so winning: Although the play is about Joan, and the main sympathy is for her, there is a healthy amount of appreciation, or at least understanding, for her antago-



nists and destroyers. They, too, are entitled to their vision, their faulty but authentic brightness, their basic intelligence. But to convey this tragicomedy of a superior imperfect being's destruction by all those good average or above-average imperfect people who cannot live in the shadow of such superiority, the production must be a good deal better than what the Circle in the Square is currently offering with Lynn Redgrave in the lead.

The director is John Clark, the star's husband, and one is tempted to say that he has not only directed, but even cast the production, more like a spouse than a director. It is not that he has Joan literally or figuratively upstaging the others, only that he has not seen fit to do much of anything with the play except cast it any old way and plunk it down on the stage, confident in his awareness that whoever plays Joan cannot lose, no matter what is, or isn't, what. He has outsmarted himself, however: Miss Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress, if you recall her Vinnie in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*—that she is, simply is not *Saint Joan*. Instead of a substratum of full-blooded country lass, she has a fundamentally urban quality; nervous, exacerbated, clever, neurotic, shrill. She is not inspired, only insistent; intelligent, certainly, but with an intelligence you develop at Ox-

ford, not among oxen and sheep.

Even her vocalizing is wrong. With a typical metropolitan desperation to be heard above the din of traffic and cocktail parties, her voice always curls upward on key words; in “I shall be burnt as a witch” or “I’m but a dream thou art dreaming” (to cite two instances among many), the voice goes up on the words *witch* and *dream*, instead of merely increasing in volume or, better yet, being pitched lower, as befits an exuberantly energetic peasant girl. The voice turns into a fleer or a whine, even as what should be exultant tomboyishness becomes a mere butch masquerade. On top of which, so to speak, the actress physically towers over most of her fellow actors, notably the unfortunate Dunois of Joseph Bova, who always looks like her page rather than companion-at-arms. Such tallness and angularity deprive Joan of the sense of wonder she would engender; in fact, this giant, fidgety Joan might well be what her enemies accused her of being: a witch.

The rest of the cast is (with three exceptions) at best inconspicuous, at worst conspicuous. I did like Paul Shyre's Cauchon, perhaps a trifle too urbane and gracious even for Shaw's concept of him, but a manifest thinker, ironist, and human being; Philip Bosco's Warwick, though insufficiently British and somewhat lacking in development, has stature and canniness; and Nicholas Hormann's Brother Martin is properly monkish, ascetic, and unidealized. But Robert LuPone's Dauphin is an unmitigated pipsqueak, without the least suggestion of being able to grow, or be guided, into anything beyond a second-rate circus clown; Tom Aldredge's Archbishop, so far from representing Shaw's notion of the cold, cerebral, aristocratic prelate, remains a puny, fretful scold; and Paul Sparer's Inquisitor, supposed to embody the churchman as lofty (albeit errant) intellectual, is a senile schoolmaster crooking a palsied forefinger at us, while letting that overripe voice of his, all singsong and tremolos, vibrate away from a kazoo to a Hammond organ. Others are merely stock: thus,



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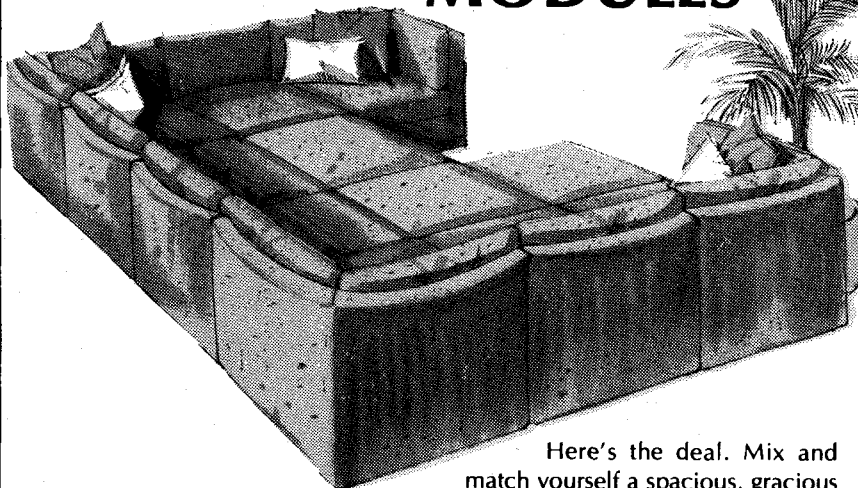
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Robert Geringer's schematic Stogumber and Roy Cooper's predictable Baudricourt.

David Jenkins's scenery manages by simple but adroit means to make the Circle in the Square's unwieldy arena stage evocative and reasonably tractable; Zack Brown's costumes, for better or worse, draw no attention to themselves. The play is trimmed by about half an hour; even so, it often seems to move ahead in seven-millimeter boots. But it is still more rewarding than what passes for drama on Broadway today.

A more recent Irish dramatist, Samuel Beckett, has three short works on view at the Manhattan Theater Club, collectively titled *Play and Other Plays*. The second and third are New York premieres; the first was staged here before by Alan Schneider, the current director and old Beckettian hand.

Play, which dates from 1964, still has some dramatic values. A man, wife, and mistress, imprisoned in adjoining urns, reminisce in (presumably) hell, always uttering fragments of their confessions only when a roving spotlight (the eye of God?) is briefly upon them. But even this playlet is, I think, better read than seen: The intricate counterpoint, unison, intertwining of shards of speech are clearer on the page than onstage. The other miniatures, *That Time* and *Footfalls* (both 1976), however, are totally untheatrical.

Beckett is incontestably our greatest living playwright, but his very greatness has proved a trap. Ever since *Waiting for Godot*—whose spareness, compared to the recent works' self-mutilation, seems now positively baroque—the author has been whittling away at everything: character, plot, such minimal action as survived. If people still appear, they are immobilized in one way or another, often half or wholly hidden from view. All that remains is words, and even those stripped-down, chary, repetitious like a few recurrent notes in music. Scant incidents from the past, dry bones gnawed clean by the memory, rattle around in doddering heads. It may be that this is the true vision of the end, but it is also supremely unstageworthy. The production does its valiant best, yet all remains infinitesimal and static—a flea circus whose fleas are too tired to jump.

And, speaking of circus, isn't Beckett rather like the fanatical master high-wire artist who keeps paring down his act to basics? First the net goes, then the pole, the costume, even the music. Now he has thrown out the wire too; since he can't fly, all he can do is fall. ■

Brief Lives / Ellen Stern

THE GRADE-A TUNER

“...‘Rubinstein says, “Clean keys are so *slippery!*” So what do I do? I come out onstage and spray the keys with hair spray’...”



On January 8, when Vladimir Horowitz gives his fiftieth-anniversary concert at Carnegie Hall, his wife will be in the audience, his manager will be in the audience, and his piano tuner, if he knows what's good for him, will not. He will be in the wings.

“It was in Chicago at Orchestra Hall,” says Franz Mohr, remembering another time. “Horowitz hadn’t played in thirteen years. Things were very tense. With Horowitz, things were always very tense; he’s better now. Everything went fine at rehearsal, and I set the bench where he likes it. Mrs. Horowitz offered me a ticket for the concert. Usually I stay backstage—and I should have, but I didn’t. Horowitz plays a Haydn sonata, and he goes off-stage and doesn’t come back out. The audience doesn’t know what’s happening. I go backstage. Horowitz is furious. I say, ‘What’s wrong? The piano is in tune.’ ‘The bench is too high,’ he says. So I go out and adjust it. I have on a black suit. People think the artist comes back. They applaud.”

Franz Mohr is still embarrassed by the incident. He does not want to be onstage. As Steinway’s chief concert technician—piano tuner to the stars—his satisfaction comes from “getting the raw piano from the factory—so raw it has no voice—and bringing up the tone.” He is the man who tends the 400 concert grands that go every year from the Steinway factory in Long Island City to concert halls all over the country. Sometimes he goes too. “I love it,” he says of his job.

Mohr began as a violinist. He attended the *Musikhochschule* in Cologne—near his hometown of Düren, which was wiped out by the Americans on November 16, 1944—and the Academy of Music in Detmold. Later, he played guitar in a band for American soldiers, who paid him in black-market ciga-

rettes. At 21, when cacophony broke out between Mohr and his parents, his God and their Catholicism, he left home. Having strained his left wrist, he was forced to drop the fiddle. But he needed music. So he learned to build pianos in Germany, and joined the Steinway works there. In 1962, he came to New York’s Steinway to become one of four tuners. Soon he became assistant to master technician Bill Hupfer—who traveled with Hofmann, Paderewski, Rachmaninoff—and, in 1965, succeeded him.

The basement in Steinway Hall is Mohr’s domain. It is here that Horowitz keeps and visits the glorious grand (#314503) given to him by Steinway, here that Steinway-playing pianists come to select a piano.

Gary Graffman was in the other day. “He likes big volume and brilliance,” says Mohr, “which is more or less the trend in this country. I don’t know



why. Maybe American concert halls are larger than in Europe.” Rudolf Serkin likes his pianos “brilliant, very responsive.” For Horowitz, Mohr has to build up his piano’s tone by reducing the amount of felt on the hammers, then applying the hammer lacquer. But for Horowitz, no task is too tiresome. “He amazes me,” says Mohr. “He fascinates me like no other pianist does.” Emil Gilels found the Steinways too brilliant, so Mohr had to mellow one by needling the felt. “When Emil left,” he says, “I had to build the piano up again.”

Then there’s Glenn Gould—who comes in heaven knows why, since he’s removed himself from the concert scene. (“If Horowitz can wait thirteen years, I can wait fifteen,” he announced.) “He is too much, that Glenn,” says Mohr, with wry indulgence. “He sits almost on the floor, on a bench; very low, with the piano on

wooden blocks. He wears a scarf and coat in summer, rubbers in the sunshine, always black woolen socks. He came in last week, carrying his clothes in a plastic bag.”

Oh, the whimsy! Rosalyn Tureck is compulsive about a clean keyboard. “A very important concert it was,” Mohr recalls, “and she asks me what I clean the keys with. I say, ‘Alcohol and cheesecloth.’ People are coming in already, and her manager says, ‘Would you go out and clean them again?’ I say, ‘I hate this. They’ll laugh.’ Finally she comes out in her big white evening gown and out of her sleeve she pulls a plastic bottle and does it *herself!*”

Doesn’t everyone like clean keys? “No! Not Rubinstein!” says Mohr. “The first time I tuned for him was at Woolsey Hall in New Haven. I met him; I was very excited. He spoke German. I couldn’t get over this, because he won’t play in Germany, you know. He once said there are two places he would never perform: the Himalayas because they are too high, and Germany because it is too low. So, we are in the wings, and he says, ‘Franz, did you clean the keys?’ I say, ‘Yes.’ He says, ‘Oh *no!* Clean keys are so *slippery!*’ The audience is already out there, the orchestra is too. So what do I do? I come out onstage and spray the keys with *hair spray!*’ He pulls the very can of Elnett Satin from a drawer. “Rubinstein loved it so much that I always did it after that.”

Franz Mohr, his wife, and three children live in Lynbrook. They own a Sohmer because they can’t afford a Steinway. But his allegiance is unwavering. “I wouldn’t work for Baldwin,” he says, “because one cannot bring out the tone. My dream always was to work for Steinway. Steinway is the piano of all the great artists. So there must be something to it.”

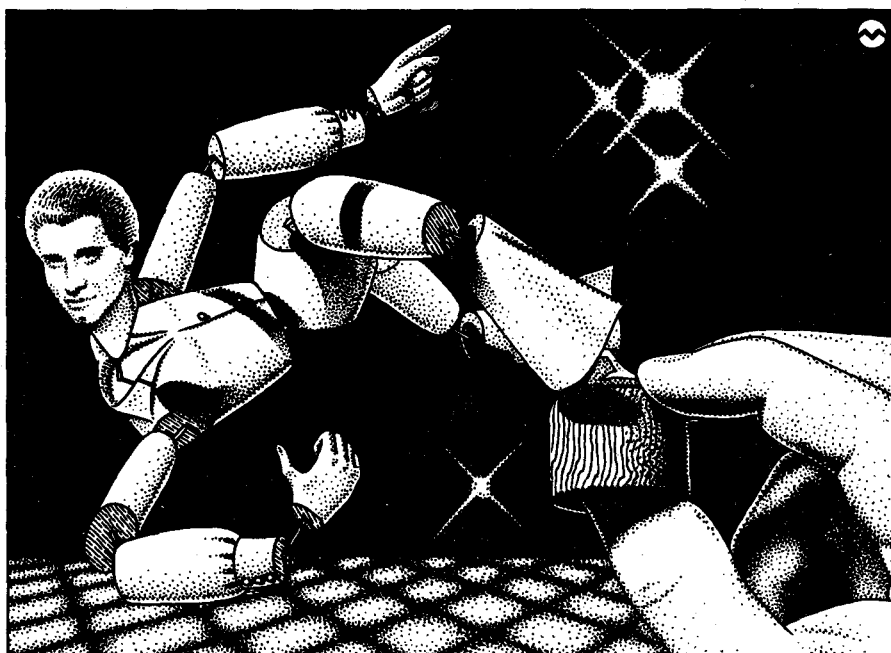


HIGH TRAVOLTAGE

“...The disco scenes in *Saturday Night Fever* are electrifying, but the vital connection between life and the dance is missing...”

When John Travolta glides onto the dance floor in *Saturday Night Fever* he is grace personified. The ethnic face—pale, porcine, sensual—concentrates and the body obeys. With the rubber-band legs and the stiff torso, he is sculpture in motion as he shifts from one stylized disco position to another, the strobe lights and the syncopated beat of the Bee Gees’ score editing his movements. When he dances solo, or when he and his cronies high-step and side-step in tight formation, enacting their weekly ritual in a Brooklyn disco, the effect is dazzling. It is only when real life intrudes—or what passes for real life in Norman Wexler’s screenplay—that *Saturday Night Fever* begins to fray at its polyester seams.

2001 Odyssey, the Bay Ridge disco where these tribal rites occur, made local anthropological history last year—and became the basis for the film—in a story written by Nik Cohn for *New York* (June 7, 1976). In a sharp, investigative piece, memorably illustrated by James McMullan, Cohn found and described an army of teenagers in an Italian-American section of Brooklyn who broke out of their circumscribed, nine-to-five weekday lives and “exploded” every Saturday night, but in a manner as rigidly formalized as a military dress parade. (One wonders if the highly disciplined patterns of dance and uniform and hierarchical bonding don’t satisfy some primitive need once filled by the army, even down to the ritualized expressions of violence, honorable and otherwise.) Theirs was a tough-guy code that owed as much to movies—or, rather, to movie culture absorbed secondhand—as to street life. They worshiped their mothers, were the third-generation sons of second-generation failures, and were steeped in an ignorance so profound that they could not imagine themselves as possessing possibilities, or a visa of potential, that would carry them over the Brooklyn Bridge and into the future. It was a sad, funny story of bigotry and bravado, centering around the young nineteen-year-old who, as the best dancer, was automatically leader of the pack.



As Tony the disco champ, Travolta is sufficient reason for bringing the story to the screen. Even the character inconsistencies—and he ranges like six characters in search of an identity: from moron to genius, from preening peacock to sensitive lover—provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The disco scenes are electrifying—and they have every reason to be, since the energy expended on them would keep Versailles in *son et lumières* for weeks. But instead of reaching a feverish intensity as the film wears on, the pace falls off. Wexler (*Joe*, *Mandingo*) has had plenty of experience peddling tawdry, ostentatiously gritty ethnicity, but his toughness is marshmallow-soft at the core. When we arrive at that center, there is nothing an otherwise talented director like John Badham (*Bingo Long and the Traveling All-Stars*) can do to save the film. What is missing is the vital connection, implicit in the story, between life and the dance, between the hopelessly constricted lives of the protagonists and the Saturday-night ritual, which is more than an escape, more than salvation, which is life—a perfectly ordered life—itself.

The scene of the climactic dance contest, for which Tony and Stephanie (Karen Lynn Gorney) have been practicing for weeks, goes limp, then hypocritical, in a way that defines what is wrong with the whole film. Instead of performing the show-stopping number we have been led to expect, and know they can do, they suddenly stop dead in their tracks, overwhelmed by kissy-face emotion. To compound the sentimentality, after winning the trophy through ethnic favoritism, a contrite Tony gives it up to the more deserving Puerto Rican couple.

The kiss is a redundancy. (Can you imagine Astaire and Rogers interrupting “Cheek to Cheek” to embrace for real?) Dance is a metaphor for love—particularly in this graceless world—and a perfectly executed duet is a consummation more sublime and perfect in its fusion of body and soul than any of the consecutive stages of courtship. And the anti-Rocky gesture of surrendering the prize could only have been dreamed up by someone who never understood—or acknowledged—the fiercely competitive nature of the dance contest, or who never felt the sheer ecstasy of dancing before a crowd and

having one's unrivaled, unequaled, all-too-perishable moment of glory. To surrender this in the name of some second-rate-screenwriting notion of the power of life over art misunderstands and cheapens both.

As Stephanie, the upwardly mobile Manhattan-bound dancer with an accent you could cut with a knife, Karen Lynn Gorney is an anomaly. Donna Pescow is better as a Tony-groupie who brings her own condoms. But, much as I approve of dames generally, the presence and importance of both women undercuts the macho desperation that feeds and intensifies the Saturday-night fever.

As with the women—and despite such theatrical episodes as a rumble and a suicide from the Verrazano Bridge—the milieu has been subtly upgraded and romanticized. There was an unresolved element in Cohn's original story, torn as he was between admiration and *nostalgie de la boue* for those primitives untainted by Gotham chic, and revulsion at their bigotry. The same ambivalence marks the film. (In one sense, both are refinements, one verbal, one visual, over crude reality, in that you can't smell the after-shave or pomade or the sweat of the dancers.) The family is boorish, but not a quagmire. Most of the dudes in the film could pass the stringent entrance requirements at our fashionable midtown discos. In spite of what the bouncers at Studio 54 say, perhaps the "tunnel" and "bridge" people are no longer distinguishable from Manhattan chic. Certainly John Travolta, who is closer to real punk than Henry Winkler or Stallone or De Niro or Pacino or all the other ethnic idols who preceded him, would be welcome on any dance floor. Like Clara Bow in the twenties, he's got "it."

In the world of dance—which, if movies are to be believed, is fast becoming the whole world—nothing could be further from the proletarian dandies of *Saturday Night Fever* than the rigidly chaperoned, dedicated tots of the Kirov Ballet School featured in *The Children of Theatre Street*. In both milieus, the selection process operates with Darwinian ruthlessness at a young age, separating the sleek of feet from those who are less sleek by a heartbreakingly narrow margin.

The heralded "comeback" of Princess Grace consists of a few moments on the screen and the voice-over narration describing what goes on within the hallowed precincts of this great conservative school of ballet. It is like a museum tour with Princess Grace earphones—she makes us find the

order and tradition and confinement voluptuously reassuring.

The long, narrow view of Theatre Street looks like an optically sophisticated painting or a set for a nineteenth-century period film before the touches of color have been added. At the institute door—its façade opening on the street—come 1,000 small children seeking admission every year, of which 990 go home in tears. The film follows two new entrants—Alec and Angelina—as well as their seventeen-year-old idol, the graduating Lena Voronzova. There are, for the balletomane, dance selections (a short but fascinating glimpse of the Kirov's new stars, Galina Messenzova and Konstantine Zaklinsky, doing a scene from *Swan Lake*), scenes of study and training, and interviews with the instructors, who, miraculously, carry in their heads every dance step of every ballet since the days of seminal choreographer Petipa.

It is a fascinating subject, but the film respectfully fails to probe too deeply, to penetrate the mysteries of the museum, or to answer the unanswered questions, such as why Voronzova is dissatisfied with her solo, or precisely what the criteria for entrance are. (A program note suggests that little Alec was chosen not only for his talent but for his "passionate commitment to Soviet ideology.")

It is this ideology that is deafening in its absence from the discreetly reverential script by Beth Gutcheon. A class in communist indoctrination is framed in the context of spring and lyrical music. A dance about the Chilean government's suppression of artistic freedom is staged without comment. The kid-gloves treatment was no doubt necessary, since, without the government's cooperation, the film could not have been made. But in this light the government's refusal to show the film, because it includes the names of the three famous defectors (Nureyev, Makarova, and Baryshnikov), is ironic, particularly when the three are mentioned as if they had been sent as Soviet cultural ambassadors to spread the art of dance in a barbarian world.

The two girls are exquisite dancers, but it is Alec, the more interestingly ambiguous character, a prankster full of high spirits, who steals the show. The narration admits he "loves to get attention." When he wins an award for political comportment, we must wonder. Is he really a political zealot, or is he a flashy individualist, possibly a political defector in the making? As a movie postcard, the film is edifying, but one can't help but rebel against its blandly ecumenical spirit.

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Records/Alan Rich

AMERICAN CLASSIC

“...More than all the rest, Bing Crosby shaped the course of the pop song and showed the world how beautiful it could be...”

Any classical singer I've ever asked—and there have been many—has readily confessed to an enormous respect for **Bing Crosby**. It isn't merely respect for Crosby's money, charm, or popularity; it has to do with the man's genuine stature as a musical artist. In a career that spanned more than half a century, Crosby proved himself incapable of a false artistic impulse. Even toward the end of that career, when the rich, silken mellowness of his marvelous natural voice had begun to show worn spots, Crosby remained the most honest of popular singers.

I don't suppose that Crosby is very popular with younger audiences today. I suspect, however, that, long after the memories of the Tony Bennetts and Engelbert What's-his-names have grown dim, people will be tempted to dig into the huge pile of Crosby recordings, and rediscover the man who, more than all the rest, shaped the course of the popular song and showed the world how beautiful it could be.

As both singer and (what you might call) actor, Crosby was the embodiment of art concealing art. With grace and good humor—and with never the outward sign of flexing a single muscle—Crosby always seemed to use his whole self as an instrument for giving pleasure. He never made what you could call a “great” movie, but he was great in almost every one. In the public eye, he was overshadowed by Bob Hope in all those *Road* movies, but watch, the next time one shows up. Hope was always a clever gagman, adept at reading other people's written-down jokes; Crosby didn't need to be anyone but himself. In his singing, likewise, he always seemed to know exactly what he was doing, and why.

Most people today, of course, remember Crosby for “White Christmas” and the repertory of sentimental trivia that he seemed to favor in the last decades of his career. I would not begrudge him this recognition, but it is only part of Crosby's greatness. For the essential Bing you have to go back somewhat earlier, to records that may be a little harder to find. Two of the best are on a small label called Bio-



graph. A new one, just out (BLP-M-1), contains soundtrack excerpts from movies Crosby made between 1930 and 1933—horrible movies, if you can believe the plot summaries in the album. But there are lovely old ballads here—“My Silent Love,” and the first of many versions of “Where the Blue of the Night”—and they are superbly sung, by a young man with a pliant, smooth baritone and the ability to wrap that sound around the most inane lyric. It is a gift any lieder singer would be proud to own.

Even better, however, is another Biograph record (BLP-C-13), of commercial takes recorded between 1929 and 1933, with the bands of Paul Whiteman and the Dorsey brothers prominent among the backup groups. On these cuts you will hear some of the finest jazz singing ever recorded; only Ella Fitzgerald in her prime could touch Crosby in this style. *Jazz? Crosby?* I guess it was the guy's impeccable, innate sense of rhythm and his total lack of musical self-consciousness that made his jazz work so appealing. Like Fitzgerald, he knew how to hang loose in a scat chorus, how to make the most contrived effect float like a momentary inspiration. His early years with Whiteman—himself a seminal figure in jazz history whom we still don't take seriously enough—contributed to this controlled looseness.

My favorite Crosby record, in fact, is a German import (Historia H-622, available at some larger shops in town) called *The Jazzin' Bing Crosby*, and it is the record I took down off the shelf when I heard of his death. It, again, contains mostly early stuff, 1927–38, including some work with Dorsey and Whiteman (misspelled “Withman”) and, better yet, three cuts with the sublime, original Mills Brothers and one with the stupendous Connee Boswell. I don't think you need much more than the Crosby–Mills Brothers “Shine” (1932) to sum up one whole radiant moment in the history of American entertainment: one white kid from the parochial schools of Spokane, Washington, and four jolly black brothers meeting one another in the land where colors blend.

Connee Boswell also died recently, another wonderful singer who will someday be rediscovered and properly valued. Totem Records has just brought out a record of Boswell radio-show excerpts (1025)—solo and with her two sisters—to join the skimpy representation already reissued on LP (Biograph C-3 and a British import, *Ace of Hearts* 116). New Orleans-born and half French, the Boswells seem to have developed on their own a jazzy, somewhat madcap, but immensely pure and vital popular style.

Connee herself, with a voice that sounded the way purple velvet feels and looks, was another of those few singers (like Crosby) whose musicianship was always wrapped up in the song at hand, never in the creation of style for style's sake. The new record has some great moments, and is an ideal introduction to the Boswell style (despite a few intrusions from, of all people, Rudy Vallee); then you should hunt down the Biograph record, which has some noble backing from the likes of Tommy Dorsey and Bunny Berigan. We are probably still too close in history to too many bad imitations to realize how good the Boswells were.

Among its many good deeds—which include publishing the most beautiful popular magazine in America—the Smithsonian Institution has been bringing out a fascinating recorded archive of native music, including several jazz albums of early material not otherwise accessible. Now the Smithsonian has begun an American Musical Theater series, with three handsome disks of landmark shows (available by mail from the Smithsonian Collection, Box 10230, Des Moines, Iowa 50336). In each case, old 78 rpm singles by original-cast members were collected and dubbed onto LP in the proper sequence. On an album devoted to the **Ziegfeld Follies of 1919** (2009) you can hear five cuts that reveal the dazzling energy of Eddie Cantor in his prime (including the famous “Mandy”), several in the cannonading tenor of John Steel (the perennial emcee so wonderfully parodied in the “Beautiful Girls” number in Sondheim’s *Follies*), and some specialty bits by the great Bert Williams. Another album is a generous culling from Cole Porter’s 1934 **Anything Goes** (2007), still my favorite Porter show; it includes Ethel Merman’s “I Get a Kick Out of You,” quite likely the best show-tune recording ever made. The third record is of George and Ira Gershwin’s 1924 **Lady Be Good** (2008), in which the suave elegance of Fred Astaire and the fabulous sappiness of his sister Adele are interspersed with some of Gershwin’s own piano impressions.

All these albums have, of necessity, to be patchwork affairs; the notion of complete original-cast recordings was still years off when these 78s were first made. Yet these albums, very handsomely packaged with splendid documentation (could the Smithsonian do otherwise?), are exceptionally valuable. The quality of the material itself should be, I hope, beyond question.

On RCA’s **John McCormack, A Legendary Performer** (CRM 1-2472) we

get, for the most part, material already issued in other couplings, but with a difference. By some process I do not pretend to understand, RCA’s engineers have figured out a way to set electronic computers to work on old recordings, to ferret out whatever sound could be gotten into an acoustic horn, and to cut this sound loose from the scratch and wheeze of ancient recording processes. Do not confuse this with the abominable practice of reissuing old records in simulated stereo. RCA’s process (which was also used last year on a Caruso disk, CRM 1-1749) is far more an enhancement than a distortion. Nothing can hide the fact that these McCormack records were made between 1910 and 1920; yet the sound has a richness, a sheen, a depth of tone that you must hear to believe.

McCormack, it is late in the day to inform you, was an incredible singer, possessed of a flawless technique that included a prodigious breath control, and a voice of such elegance and lightness that it seemed hardly connected to flesh and bones. Nobody, especially no tenor, should try to sing without studying carefully the reverence and extraordinary flexibility of McCormack’s phrasing. His art could make the dreariest bathos into high drama: Irish ballads of the most disarming sentimentality, the Victorian absurdities of Balfe’s “Come Into the Garden, Maud,” and, of course, the stunning beauty of the “Il mio tesoro” from *Don Giovanni*. That aria, as McCormack sang it in 1916, is at once a stupendous achievement and an awesome menace; every tenor since that time has tried to take the central cadenza in one breath, and most of them have come close to strangulation in the process.

Rock 'n' Roll Muzak

Here at the beginning of a new year there doesn’t seem to be a great deal of promise for the immediate future of rock ‘n’ roll. The great artists, the visionaries, or at least the culture prodgers, have aged into silliness or inactivity. The record companies are selling more albums than ever before, but in part because people seem to be settling for so much less. Popularity has become a quality separate from creativity, virtuosity has replaced inspiration, sophistication has replaced invention. In radio, the “free-form” idiosyncratic programming that distinguished the sixties, and made listening a bit of an adventure, a bit of an education, has on many stations given way to an admittedly more commercial approach, known in the business as AOR—album-oriented rock.

FM stations now hire the services of consultants to conduct surveys, analyze demographics, and devise formats, and we get “FM superstars” or “the mellow sound.” Popular music, which once had the ability and the arrogance to inspire, to provoke, indeed to lead people into new areas of thought or behavior, now seems content to follow. The groups or singers that just a year or two ago seemed, if not monumental, at least unique, have taken to trying to do imitations of themselves.

Out of the Blue (Jet JTLA-823-L2), the first two-record set ever done by the Electric Light Orchestra, is an elegantly packaged attempt to provide something for everyone. In the space of four sides the seventeen songs, all composed by Jeff Lynne, provide one man’s musical homage to the sixties. And, surprisingly, the blending of rock ‘n’ roll and classical motifs that distinguished ELO’s earlier music is pushed into the background in favor of a complex, electronically enhanced wall of sound. Together on the album are obvious bits of Phil Spector, the Beatles, the Bee Gees, and the Beach Boys. There’s one way to describe the result: It’s as if someone set out to cook a spectacular meal and took the soup and the salad, the meat and the vegetables, the dessert and the coffee—and threw them all into the blender.

Boz Scaggs, over the past year and a half, has left the cozy realm of the cult figure, with its critical acclaim and faithful following, and with a platinum album and spun-off singles joined the world of the pop superstar. Now he has a new album, **Down Two Then Left** (Columbia JC 34729), complete with a Guy Bourdin photograph on the outside and just as self-consciously chic an approach on the inside. At his best, on his earlier albums, he was able to combine a smooth delivery with songs that had honesty and intensity. But somewhere along the cultural continuum soul has turned into disco, and Boz’s latest collection is just a set of bouncy rhythms stylishly produced, a kind of black music for trendy white folks.

I’d like to think that even among the lemmings there are a few defiant or even just curious individuals who ignore the rush to the sea to examine the territory along some of the side roads. And even if the “new wave” is an obvious and transparently thin alternative to formulaized, homogenized rock, there’s still something compelling about its cocky energy. Elvis Costello, on his first album, **My Aim Is True** (Columbia JC 35037), communicates an almost crazed sense of musical necessity. He’d be singing these songs even if no one were listening.

—Tom Bentkowski

The Urban Strategist/Julie Maxey

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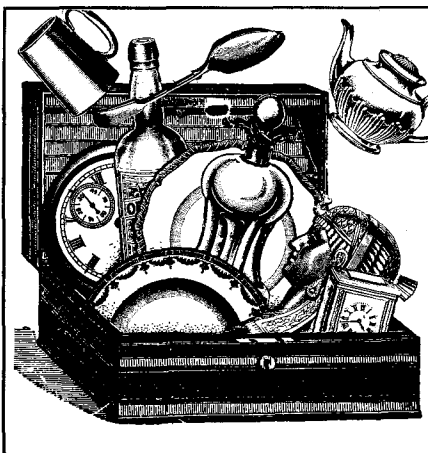
Selling out? Have a city tag sale, a cash-and-carry bazaar run on the principle that one person’s trash can become another person’s treasure.

You don’t even have to lift a finger to empty your home. There are professional selling services that will take over, turn your home into a mini-flea market, and clean you out for 25 percent of the take. They write the ads, set up your furnishings in a salable arrangement, make sure no one steals them, break up budding crimes of passion as people rage over who reached the china first, and, when there is a clear winner, write out the sales slip.

Most specialists must be guaranteed a minimum sum to run the sale. Before you begin to worry that your eclectic collection won’t amount to much, remember, anything goes—literally. The specialist knows how to get a fair price for each of your earthly possessions. Antiques, art, classic or modern furniture, and any currently fashionable items bring the best return. Antique pieces hover around the amount they would fetch at auction. Other choice items are tagged at up to half their original cost. Oriental rugs, even though worn to the nub, sell well; old sofas don’t. The rest is offered at prices a customer can’t refuse.

The specialist first comes to take a look at the group of things you want to sell to see if they total the minimum. Once you come to an agreement and sign a contract, a date is set for the sale—which can run one to three days, depending on how much merch you have. The specialist will return to take a thorough inventory. Then the copy is written for the ads, which are placed in local papers and under the “Antiques” and “Home Furnishings” headings in the “Merchandise Offerings” slot of the New York Times classified advertising. Some specialists also mail sale notices to their tag-sale-circuit riders, and some distribute fliers around the neighborhood.

The actual setting up and tagging is done a day or two before the sale. All the things you *don’t* want to get rid of are put into a separate room and the door is taped shut. Experts are called



for advice on pricing special objects. The specialist knows when to soften on prices, though, so you won’t be stuck with a room full of overpriced leftovers. (If this does happen to you, some specialists will take items on consignment; others will help you find them a home. Ask.) On the day of the sale, the specialist will arrive with a crew rounded up to sell and to work as security guards.

The companies in the following selective listing differ on whether they like to have their clients join in on sale day, on how many people they let into the home at one time, and on their minimum fees, but they all will travel the metropolitan area to hold a sale.

Charlotte and Jack Deblinger have run **Transition** (428-9524) for four years. Charlotte, a former comedienne who used to run an antiques store, says that even though people are sometimes reluctant to sell their possessions, they are thrilled to be rid of them by the time the sale is over. The Deblingers set up goods by category and keep small, good pieces and jewelry in a glass case. They feel they can do a better selling job if their client is out of the home. “One couple sat on the sofa during their sale, and that was the only thing that didn’t move,” says Jack. At sale time they allow only ten to twenty people in at once. Their minimum is \$2,400 gross (i.e., \$600 for them), but if you only have a small amount to sell, they will write and place ads, price your goods, and set everything

up for \$275. You are then in charge of the selling.

Dallas-born Ruth Gordon runs **Ruth Gordon Tag Sale** (686-0812). She taught herself the business by first holding her own tag sale; then she followed up by researching market trends and prices at auctions. Her definition of a successful tag sale is “a mixture of some good pieces, some junk, and a lot of middle-of-the-road items.” She likes her client to be present on sale day and to know what is going on, and she believes in letting all her customers in at once. Her minimum gross is \$5,000 for a one-day sale, \$7,500 for two days.

Tag Time Service (998-9800) is run by Jerry and Harriet Lydell. Jerry says people often don’t recognize which items they bought years ago have gone up in value, or even that items they are about to toss out are salable. The Lydells prefer to work without the client’s being at the sale. Their minimum gross is \$1,200.

After taking courses in furniture appraisal and getting their auctioneer licenses, Babette Cohen and Joan Wagner of **Homestead Selling Service** (516 484-9478) started running tag sales five years ago. They have even opened a consignment shop where they will take whatever is left over from a sale (the price stays the same, but they get 40 percent on consignment sales). They like their clients to be on hand in case questions come up. The doors are opened to everyone at once and sometimes business gets too good: “We have tossed coins to settle arguments.” Their minimum is \$5,000.

The **Home Treasure Sellers** (516 621-6912) are Ruth Axelrod, Helene Hoffman, and Shirley Sherman. Mrs. Sherman’s background is in art, Mrs. Hoffman has a keen sense of display, and Mrs. Axelrod handles the public relations. They leave as little as possible to the customer’s imagination by continually rearranging furnishings into roomlike groups during the sale. They limit the number of shoppers to 25 or 30 at a time. They like the client to be available during the sale to make quick price-bargaining decisions. Their minimum is \$7,000.

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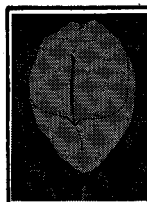
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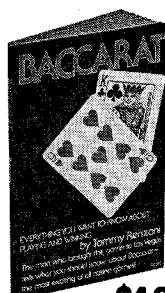
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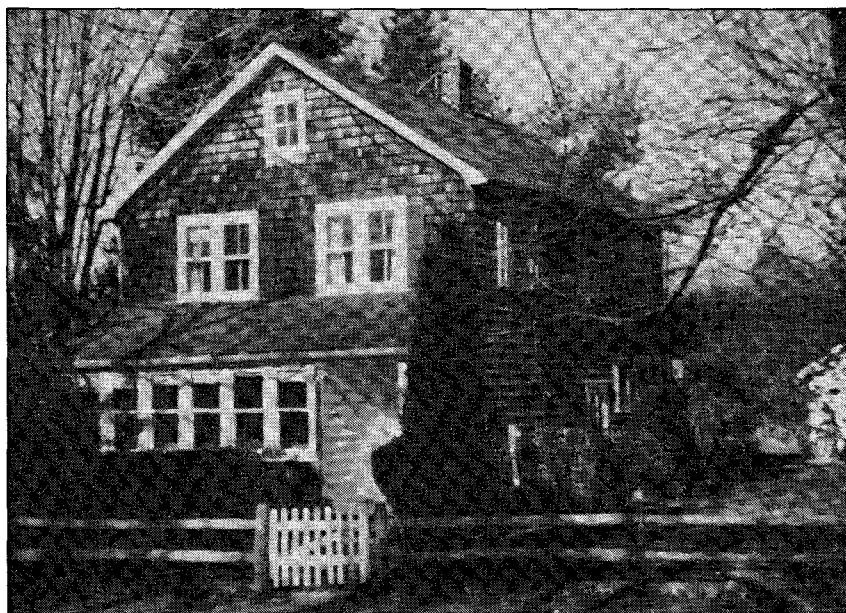
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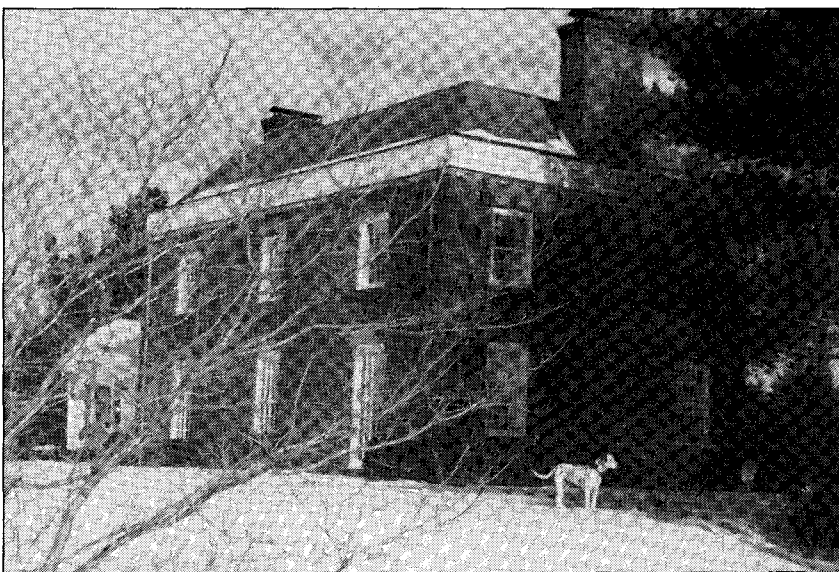
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NEW YORK
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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Whole cloth—This Upper East Side shop is clearing away all of its winter clothing at 50 percent off. Examples: Dorothee Bis one-of-a-kind multicolored coats, were \$395-\$520, now \$197.50-\$260; corduroy skirts in gray, black, or wine, with unpressed pleats, were \$98, now \$49; a lovely wool cowl top by Dorothee Bis, available in many colors, was \$134, now \$67; a wool *faluche* (artist's puffy beret), was \$38, now \$19. Also silk separates, mohair sweaters, wool stoles, etc. Sizes 4-12. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Dianne B.*, 729 Madison Ave., at 64th St. (759-0988); Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; 1/3-31.

Getting a move on—This plastics company is having a clearance sale on finished Lucite products and Plexiglas by the piece, mirrored or clear. Giftware: Lucite paper-towel dispensers, now \$6.75; buffet servers, \$17.50; cheese-and-cracker trays, now \$17.50; hair-dryer caddies, now \$6.30; others. Cut-to-size Plexiglas: 1/8-in. clear, \$1 a sq. ft.; 1/4-in. clear, \$1.80 a sq. ft.; 1/8-in. mirrored, \$3 a sq. ft.; 1/4-in. mirrored, \$4 a sq. ft. Also, drawers and shelves to turn stacking cubes into furniture, all at reduced prices. Prices quoted above are for first-quality merchandise; some seconds, available for less. Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks; exchanges possible on first-quality merchandise. *Ain Plastics, Inc.*, 65 Fourth Ave., between 9th and 10th sts. (473-2100); Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Sat. 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m.; through 1/28.

Skirting the issue—This wholesaler/exporter of women's clothing features over 300 labels, most of them famous, some very famous. It is now clearing out winter and holiday fashions and reducing prices below the usual low wholesale level. The tickets are "close-quoted," but a salesperson will help you; be prepared to wait, since no self-service is allowed here. Examples: all-wool coats that retail for \$178-\$380, now \$90-\$150; raincoats, including zip-in liners, reversibles, etc., retail \$100-\$220, now \$49-\$99; wool-poly-blend skirt-and/or pantsuits, retail \$90-\$178, now \$45-\$89; dresses (including evening gowns), retail \$65-

\$500, now \$29-\$250; also sportswear, cashmere or wool sweaters, blazers, and car coats at similar savings. Sample-size women should ask for the rack of designer samples, now \$39-\$189. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. "Ms., Miss or Mrs.," 462 Seventh Ave., at 35th St., eighth floor (736-0557); Mon.-Wed. and Fri. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Thurs. 9 a.m.-8 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.-4 p.m.; while stock lasts.

Facing winter—This famous skin specialist is having her annual January sale of products and services: a 20 percent reduction to chase away winter-skin blues. Facials, which usually run from \$21 to \$33 and range from basic cleansing to special treatments for problem skin, are now one fifth less. Also, any series of services—facials, waxing, body massage, etc.—normally discounted at six for the price of five, or twelve for the price of eleven, will be available with the added 20 percent discount. All cosmetic and skin-care products are similarly discounted. Checks accepted; no credit cards. Phone for appointment. *Agnes Timar Cosmetology, Ltd.*, 108-01-03 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills (793-2569); through 1/31.

Three-way sale—The Upper West Side's three fashion citadels are holding their annual winter clearance of fall, winter, and holiday clothing for men and women, with discounts of as much as 50 percent. At the women's store: sweater coats, were \$150-\$190, now half off; silk shirts, were \$34, now \$21; velvet, wool, tweed, or flannel skirts, were \$42, now \$24; Cathy Hardwick blazers, were \$180, now \$90; Calvin Klein jackets, were \$130, now \$70; buckskin boots in bright colors, were \$60, now \$39; also pants, cowls, turtlenecks, handbags, suits, leather suits and jackets, etc. At the men's store: Daniel Hechter melton jackets, were \$145, now \$99; Ralph Lauren "Polo" storm coats, were \$550, now \$375; suits by Yves Saint Laurent and Sant'Angelo, were \$195-\$275, now \$149-\$199; Rafael leather jackets, were \$430, now \$295; Glynn Manson cashmere sweaters, V- or turtleneck, were \$45, now \$29; more. At the sportswear shop, for women: Hardware Clothing Company wool, flannel, and corduroy separates, up to 40 percent off; Western snap-front flannel shirts, were \$30, now \$22; man-tailored shirts in various colors,

patterns, fabrics, were \$22-\$38, now \$16-\$25; more. For men: Gloverall camel-colored English duffel coats, were \$125, now \$89; Italian nylon bomber jackets, were \$100, now \$69; three-piece corduroy suits, were \$125, now \$79; shearling coats, were \$230-\$285, now \$185-\$225; more. All stores accept American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks; all sales final. All stores open Sat. 10 A.M.-6 P.M. *Charivari, Ltd.*, 2307 Broadway, between 83rd and 84th sts. (873-1424); Mon.-Wed. and Fri. 10:30 a.m.-7 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m.; *Charivari for Men*, 2339 Broadway, at 85th St. (873-7242); Mon. and Thurs. noon-9 p.m., Tues., Wed, Fri. 11 a.m.-7 p.m.; *Charivari Sport*, 2345 Broadway, between 85th and 86th sts. (799-8650); Mon.-Wed. and Fri. 10:45 a.m.-7 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m.; while stock lasts.

Paris in the winter—The manufacturer for several famous fashion labels is now clearing out winter outerwear and sportswear for women. Among the things on sale: pea coats in navy, black, or camel, were \$128, now \$70; big, slouchy blazers: double-breasted, were \$180, now \$90, single-breasted, were \$160, now \$80; about two dozen split-cowhide full-length coats, mouton collar and cuffs, now \$100; many all-wool coats, labels intact, now \$100-\$115; untrimmed raincoats, were up to \$160 retail, now \$40-\$60; all dresses, including famous-label and suede-trimmed styles, now \$25-\$50; also blazers, pants, skirts, blouses, etc., reduced to clear. There will be a rack of \$60 coats, and a grab-bag rack of odd garments at very low prices. Sizes 4-16. American Express, Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks; all sales final. *Paris Fashion, Inc.*, 270 West 38th St., seventeenth floor (BR 9-6019); Mon.-Fri. 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-3 p.m.; through 1/15.

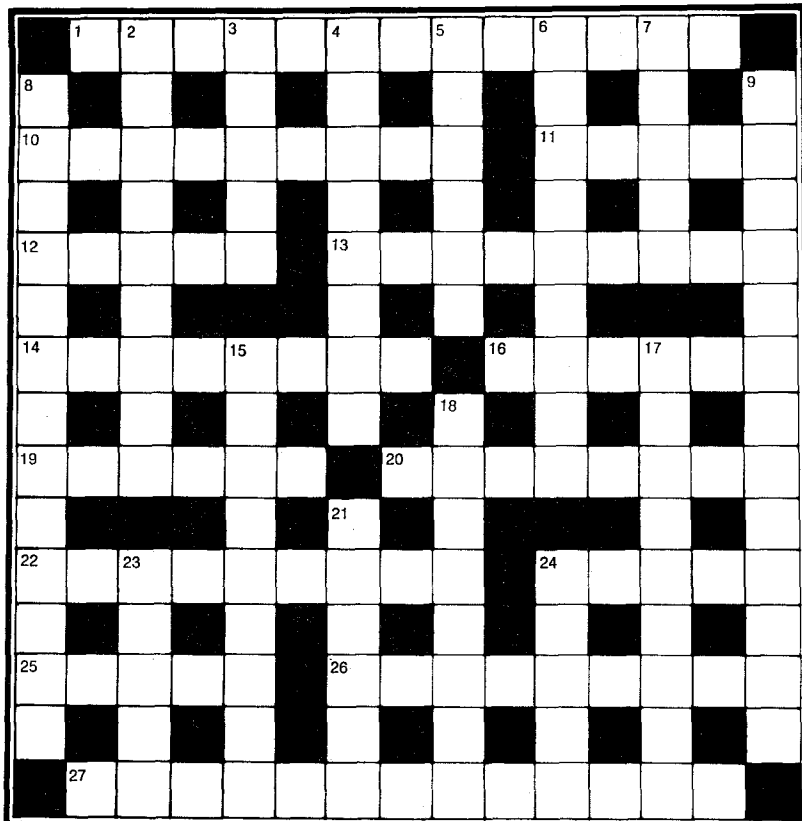
Consumer Aware

Following suit—Now that Zabar's has settled its suit with Cuisinarts, the store will honor the priority rain checks being held for the Cuisinart food processor at \$135 ("Sales & Bargains," 12/22/75). Rain-check holders will be contacted by mail. In addition, for their patience, Zabar's will reward them with five free pounds of coffee (value: \$3.98 a lb.), and a free Zabar's coffee mill (value: \$11.95).

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Where to get tickets to hurl insults at a sovereign before a function. (7-6)
- 10 Having taken too much, do they ever atone? Possibly. (9)
- 11 "Retirement, _____ quiet, friendship, books" (Thompson). (5)
- 12 Praise for appearing in next Olympic Games. (5)
- 13 Banish vehicles going back into a part of France. (9)
- 14 What necks they have, making mistakes about taxes! (8)
- 16 A shout in the

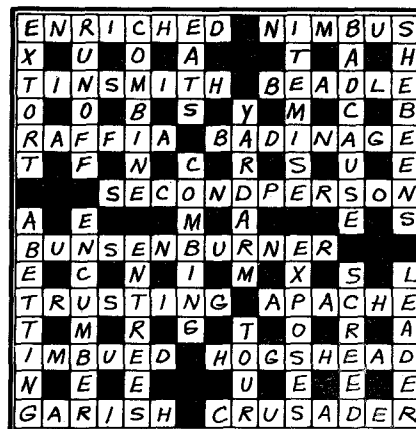
- 19 fog: it's going in the wrong direction! (6)
- 20 A king and I in antiquity occupied islands. (8)
- 22 It is easily smashed, but even without a broken leg it takes a fool to fight. (9)
- 24 Animal which provides one with something to wear in front. (5)
- 25 Place in the room a handsome man occupies. (5)
- 26 Evening out for welcome to the violent. (9)
- 27 If slight craft is needed, they are always

changing colour. (7, 6)

DOWN

- 2 Works with a formal appeal? (9)
- 3 "To offer war where they should _____ for peace" (*Taming of the Shrew*). (5)
- 4 Chemical which makes the note ring out. (8)
- 5 With embellishment speak all round the point. (6)
- 6 Put into shape, but make a firm lose badly. (9)
- 7 Animal which takes part in Bacchic orgies. (5)
- 8 Military force formed by a large number from abroad? (7, 6)
- 9 They are intellectuals, but one has to take a hundred into college after the athletes. (13)
- 15 One needs a pole to get the flowers over the river. (9)
- 17 Scientist needed for a female born with a roll. (9)
- 18 Flower given when a king holds a dissidence. (8)
- 21 Country in which legislation separates one from mother. (6)
- 23 Robin is for commercial radio apparently. (5)
- 24 Sound which makes a group of Scots start giggling. (5)

Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 306

MARY ANN MADDEN

"Mideast peace talks resume, Mayor Koch on a clean-up drive in Times Square, and consumer editor John Stossel reports on the new *Close Encounters* dolls—all coming up on the *Six O'Clock News* following this message."

"That's a really tough question, Bert. Really. You see, Marcie and I sometimes eat Italian or Chinese food on weekends, and sometimes not. Boy, that's a toughie. Now—I'm supposed to say what I think *she's* gonna say, right?"

Above, random results of dial-hopping during the new year. Competitors are invited to provide a sample sure-to-be-seen-or-heard extract from television or radio in 1978. (Limit: 50 words)

Results of Competition 303, in which you were asked for a double dactyl.

Report: Mikhail Baryshnikov/Theodore Roosevelt/Emily Dickinson/Names that repeat./Ehrlichman-Haldeman/(Two for the price of one)/Engelbert Humperdinck (Isn't that sweet?)/Vladimir Nabokov/(Not that it scans that way)/Thomas A. Edison/Naming just some/Jacqueline Kennedy (Aristotelian)/Ludwig van Beethoven/Da da da DUM.

Higgeldy Piggeldy/Madden the editor/ Couldn't choose prizewinners./Entries all great./And so she settled for/Wishing you joy during/(Coincidentally)/Seventy eight.

Thanks to all:

Ibbety Bibbety
Admiral Farragut
Uttered a sentence of
Quotable prose
As he was steaming through
Trinitrotoluene;
Check it in Bartlett's to
See how it goes.

Albert G. Miller, NYC

Flickety Flackety
Peter Bogdanovich
Pressed to explain his un-
Orthodox views
Tried to encapsule it
Epigrammatically,
"Lord is my Shepherd and
Cybill's my Muse."

Larry Vincent, Washington, D.C.

Higelté Pigelté
Trudeau of Canada
Having his problems with
Rene Levesque.
Francophone leader wants
Semiautonomy;
Margaret did it, so
Why not Quebec?

Roger Hand, Montreal, Canada

Fiddlesticks Diddlesticks
Glencora Palliser
Duchess of Omnium

Witty and fair.
Costumes authentic but
Attitudes modern and
Antivictorian.
Trollope beware!

Mrs. Brenda Lindberg, Little Silver, N.J.

Hideous Phydias
George William Frederick
Helped Elgin lose all his
Marbles Hellene.
Anglo-Acropolis?
Greeks had a word for it:
Parthenogenesis
(Doric Duveen).

John Hines, Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

Higgeldy Piggeldy
Hamlet of Elsinore
Ruffled the critics by
Dropping this bomb:
"Phooey on Freud and his
Psychoanalysis
Oedipus, Schmoedipus,
I just loved Mom."

Bill Seaman, Washington, D.C.

Croctic Atrocitist
Thomas A. Middleton
Seems to delight in the
Odd turn of phrase.
Doris Nash Wortman-like
Sesquipedalio
Compounds abound in his
Verbal forays.

Paul Devlin, Big Rapids, Mich.

Jingledy Jangledy
ILGW
Each year at Christmastime
Woos us with song;
"Look for the label," but,
Unchauvinistically,
What's in my price range is
Made in Hong Kong.

Mrs. Ann Clifford, Brooklyn

Mama-san Papa-san
Madama Butterfly
Ditched by her Pinkerton
Cried, "All's not lost.

He'll return *Un Bel Di*
Involuntarily
Wait till he wants a To-
Yota at cost."

M. Sparacino, Washington, D.C.

Politum Volitum
Edward Costikyan
Turned down a job with the mayor-to-be.
Deputy mayorship?
Impossibility.
"First among equals or
Nothing!" said he.

Ellen Rosenfeld, NYC

sp. mention: J. Dickinson, Lesley Perrin,
John B. Rockwell, NYC

Dumas-fils Dumas-fils
Marguerite Gautier
Hacked in her hankie and
Spat up some blood;
When she could speak she said
Psychoconsumptively,
"Armand Duval is a
Second-rate stud."

Carly Mary Cady, Los Angeles, Calif.

Nursery Versery
Ethel S. Kennedy
Answered, when asked what she
Saw in the Guv,
"Given his aptitude
Philoprogenitive
We'd be a match made in
Heaven above."

Marvin Breslow, Silver Spring, Md.

Dingaling Dingaling
Little Red Riding Hood
Went to see grandmother
(Gee, were you dumb).
Wolfie, all shrouded in
Egocentricity,
Thought he could eat you and
Did so. (The bum.)

Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn

Opera Popera
Marian Anderson
Sang before Eleanor
At, if I'm right,
Lincoln Memorial.
Antediluvian
DAR orioles
Sat under shelters, and
All of them white.

Tom Miller, NYC

Hustleton Bustleton
Ruth Carter Stapleton
Compassed the turning of
Publisher Flynt
Out of the meadow of
Superpornography
Into the paddock of
News fit to prynt.

Joseph B. Tucker, Camden, Ark.

sp. mention: Karen Bracey, Fairfax, Va.
Henry J. Hubert, Arvado, Colo.

Huffity Puffity
Angela Lansbury
Viewed her first Hollywood
Hit with some heat.
"Bergman and Boyer are
Paraprofessionals.
They should retile it
Angela Street!"

Steve Behrens, Washington, D.C.

Higgeldy Piggeldy
Francis A. Tarkenton
Plays bridge and football and
Shows lots of class.
Asked to describe what he
Does in both games, Francis
Superlaconically
Answers, "I pass."

Bill Wunder, Port Washington, N.Y.
sp. mention: Andy Pforzheimer,
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Esther Z. Magilow, Kansas City, Mo.

Higgeldy Piggeldy
Issur Danielovich
Found that his chin was
A passport to fame.
This, plus: a rasp, clever
Cinematography,
Also the requisite changing of name.

Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

Loyalhearts Royalparts
Laurence Olivier
Acted Prince Hamlet, Prince
Hal, Richard Thirld.
Now it's commercials. Fic!
Antimonarchical!
"Live off my royalties?
Don't be absurd."

Ken Olfsen, Los Angeles, Calif.

Bloodiness Cruddiness
Samuel Peckinpah
Are you a genius
Or are you a curse?
Phantasmagorical
Visions of violence
Mimic reality
(Or the reverse?)

Ms. Judy Disla, NYC

Oinkity Oinkity
Philip of Macedon
Stifling the questioning
Words of his mate,
"If it's a girl . . .?" He cried
Overemphatically,
Who an earth needs Alex
Andra the Great?"

Marcia Weinberg, Potomac, Md.

Grandjêté Grandjêté
Mikhail Baryshnikov
Made such a hit in his
Movie debut,
Nureyev asked him quite
Undiplomatically:
"Couldn't Ken Russell have
Happened to you?"

Brad Fullager, Rochester, N.Y.
sp. mention: Lloyd Saleton, David
MacMackin, Ted Papageorge, NYC;
Mona Abramesco, North Miami, Fla.

Hippity Hippity
Hopalong Cassidy
Hopeful at fatherhood,
Grew quite annoyed.
Nurse, post delivery,
Enthusiastically,
Held up his daughter and
Cried, "It's a Boyd!"

Doris Duffrin, Rockville Centre, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Meredith Gregg, Greenland, N. H.

Witchery Bitchery
Margaret Hamilton
Donned a tall hat and a
Green-tinted schnoz;
Gave Judy punch
But to Ray, Jack, and Bert proved an
Incontrovertible
Pain in the Oz.

Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.
sp. mention: Robert H. McGovern,
East Cleveland, Ohio

Higgeldy Piggeldy
Susan B. Anthony
Lived as a feminist.
All of her life.
Antiestablishment
Views were espoused by her.
Nobody's fool, she was
Nobody's wife.

John R. Nierenberg, Pittsburgh, Pa.
sp. ment.: Martha Freedman, Sarasota, Fla.
Tony Reeder, Bowie, Md.; A. Mareval, N.Y.

Clippity Cloppity
Daniel P. Moynihan
Liberal Democrat
Won in a rout.
First professorial,
Ambassadorial,
Now senatorial.
Carey, watch out.

Michael Lesk, Chatham, N.J.
sp. mention: Conrad Woodall, Bala
Cynwyd, Pa.; P. L. Klein, NYC

Hoppity Choppity
Joseph I. Guillotin
Humanitarian
One of a kind.
Incontrovertibly
Long before LSD
Dreamed up a keen way to
Alter a mind.

L. E. Sperry, Santa Fe, N.M.

Overnow Thankthelord
President Washington
your bicentennial
Bored me to tears.
Are plastic replica
Memorabilia
All we can show for our
Two hundred years?

Dick Schaefer, Baltimore, Md.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to
Competition Number 306, *New York Magazine*,
755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It
must be received by January 13. Editor's deci-
sions are final and all entries become the property
of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive a
two-year subscription to *New York*, and runners-up
will receive a one-year subscription. Results and
winners' names will appear in the issue of Feb-
ruary 6. Out-of-town postmarks are given three
days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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A COMPLAINER'S PHONE DIRECTORY

... Here is a list of all the numbers you need to complain in New York City. Keep it. Use it. Make someone else miserable ...

ACCOUNTANTS NYS Education Dept 212-557-2100 ADVERTISING (false and misleading) AG 488-7530 DCA 964-7777 AIR POLLUTION General DEP 966-7500 AG 488-5123 Carbon monoxide, fumes, and odors NYC Dept of Health 566-7726 APARTMENT REFERRAL AGENCIES NYS Dept of State 488-3670 APPLIANCES Repairs, sales, and rentals DCA 964-7777 Warranty or defective AG 488-7530 ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, AND LAND SURVEYORS NYS Education Dept 557-2100 AUTOMOBILES New, used, and rentals DCA 964-7777 Repairs NYS Dept of Motor Vehicles 682-5780 Warranties FTC 264-1207 AG 488-7530 Abandoned Dept of Sanitation 925-2310 BANKS State savings and loan associations NYS Banking Dept 488-2353 National banks Comptroller of the Currency 399-2997 BUSINESS PRACTICES NYC BBB 533-7500 Harlem BBB 749-7106 CABLE TELEVISION NYC Office of Telecommunications 566-0546 CHARITY FRAUDS AG 488-7511 CHECK CASHERS NYS Banking Dept 488-2360 CITY EMPLOYEES AND AGENCIES NYC Dept of Investigation 825-5900 CITY SERVICES MAC 566-5700 CONTRACT FRAUDS AG 488-7530 DCA 964-7777 COSMETICS FDA 965-5065 COSMETOLOGISTS AND BARBERS NYS Dept of State 488-3670 CREDIT PRACTICES Billing errors, discrimination, installment practices FTC 264-1207 Computing errors, credit cards, harassment, general complaints AG 488-7530 DEBT-COLLECTION PRACTICES Collection agencies, process servers DCA 964-7777 Default judgments, fraudulent practices FTC 264-1207 Traffic-ticket collection AG 488-7490 DENTISTS Dental Society of NYS YU6-3937 NYS Education Dept 557-2100 DISCRIMINATION NYC Comm on Human Rights 566-5050 NYS Div of Human Rights 488-5384 DOCTORS NYS Dept of Health 488-4494	DOG LITTER Dept of Sanitation 925-2310 DOOR-TO-DOOR SALES General FTC 264-1207 Local firms DCA 964-7777 DRUGS General FDA 965-5065 Hazardous substances NYC Dept of Health 566-7726 Retail-pharmacy practices NYS Board of Pharmacy 557-2136 DRY CLEANERS OR LAUNDRIES DCA 964-7777 EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES DCA 964-7777 FINANCE COMPANIES NYS Dept of Banking 488-2360 FOOD AND FOOD SHOPPING All foods: dating, adulteration, poison, etc. NYC Dept of Health 566-7726 Economic violations, retail food stores, kosher-law enforcement, misbranding NYS Dept of Agriculture and Markets 488-4820 Foods except meat, eggs, fruits, and vegetables—unwholesomeness FDA 965-5065 FRANCHISE AGREEMENTS General DCA 964-7777 Pyramid sales 488-3310 FUNERALS Burial-society cemeteries AG 488-7511 Funeral directors AG 488-7465 FURNITURE AND HOME FURNISHINGS DCA 964-7777 GARBAGE Dept of Sanitation 925-2310 GAS AND ELECTRICITY Billing and other complaints See number on bill Emergencies Bronx (gas) 931-6950 Brooklyn (gas) 643-4050 (electric) 596-8250 Manhattan (gas, electric, steam) 683-8830 Queens (gas) 463-3100 (electric) 463-1800 Staten Island (gas) 643-4050 (electric) 727-4600 Further complaints NYS Public Service Commission Electric and steam 488-4332 Gas 488-4392 City-run buildings CCB 960-4800 GUARANTEES FTC 264-1207 HAZARDOUS PRODUCTS U.S. Product Safety Comm 264-1125 HOUSING MAINTENANCE AND CODE VIOLATIONS Private housing—all emergencies: heat, gas, hot water, lights, garbage, broken stairs and elevators, falling ceilings, etc. CCB 960-4800 Low-income public housing Daytime Call project office Emergency 427-4800	All problems MAC 566-5700 INSURANCE NYS Insurance Dept 488-5642 LAWYERS Manhattan and Bronx—Assoc of the Bar of NYC 682-0606 Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island —Joint Bar Assoc for the 2nd and 11th districts 624-7851 MAIL ORDER (nondelivery) Within NYC DCA 964-7777 FTC 264-1207 MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS (licensed) NYS Education Dept 557-2100 MERCHANDISE PROBLEMS General 488-7530 General, labor, and repairs DCA 964-7777 Nationally advertised products Council of BBB 754-1320 MOVING AND STORAGE NYS Dept of Transportation 488-4396 NOISE POLLUTION General 966-7500 DEP Aircraft Federal Aviation Admin 995-2829 NONPAYMENT OF WAGES Dept of Labor 488-6583 NOTARY PUBLICS NYS Dept of State 488-3670 PARKING LOTS, GARAGES, AND PARKING VIOLATIONS Call local police precinct PIGEONS, RODENTS, AND ROACHES NYC Dept of Health 566-7726 POLICE Civilian Complaint Review Bd 477-7550 POTHOLES NYC Dept of Highways Bronx 931-3770 Brooklyn 643-7947 Manhattan 566-2018 Queens 520-3311 Staten Island 390-5142 PSYCHOLOGISTS NYS Education Dept 557-2100 RADIATION Office of Radiation Control Day 566-7750 Nights and holidays 340-4494 REAL-ESTATE BROKERS, SALESPeople NYS Dept of State 488-3670 RENT Rent-controlled units NYC Dept of Rent Control 566-7972 Rent-stabilized units Conciliation and Appeals Board 265-5105 General MAC 566-5700 RENT SECURITY AG 488-2887 RESTAURANTS Unsanitary conditions NYC Dept of Health 566-7726 SCHOOLS Correspondence and vocational NYS Education Dept 488-3252 FTC 264-1207 Public NYC Board of Education 596-5030 Private and vocational BBB 533-7500 SECONDHAND DEALERS DCA 964-7777	SECURITIES Stocks, bonds AG 488-7563 SECURITY GUARDS AND PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS NYS Dept of State 488-3670 SERVICE STATIONS DCA 964-7777 SEWERS DEP 966-7500 SMOKING ILLEGALLY NYC Dept of Health 566-7726 SNOW REMOVAL NYC Dept of Sanitation 925-2310 SOCIAL WORKERS NYS Education Dept 557-2100 SOLICITING AND NARCOTICS Organized Crime Control Bureau 374-6620 STREET LIGHTS Manhattan, Bronx, and Staten Island —Broadway Maintenance 786-3700 Queens and Brooklyn— Weisbach 274-4200 TAXIS NYC Taxi and Limousine Commission 825-0420 TELEPHONE Repair 611 Customer service — emergencies Days 395-7788 Off hours 395-2300 Further complaints Public Service Commission 488-5330 TRAFFIC LIGHTS NYC Dept of Traffic 361-8000, ext. 291 TRANSIT NYC Transit Authority 330-1234 TRAVEL Agencies DCA 964-7777 Charters, airlines, and air freight Civil Aeronautics Board 264-1700 WATER None in building NYC Dept of Health 566-7726 Supply, lines, and pollution DEP 966-7500 Indoor emergencies CCB 960-4800 Nonmunicipal supply Public Service Comm 488-4353 KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS AG: New York State Attorney General's Office BBB: Better Business Bureau CCB: New York City Central Complaint Bureau DCA: New York City Department of Consumer Affairs DCA local outreach offices (Service may be more personal and efficient) Brooklyn 434-1900 East Harlem 348-0600 West Harlem 222-9700 Forest Hills 261-2922 Jamaica 526-6600 Staten Island 390-5154 DEP: New York City Department of Environmental Protection FDA: U.S. Food and Drug Administration FTC: Federal Trade Commission MAC: Mayor's Action Center
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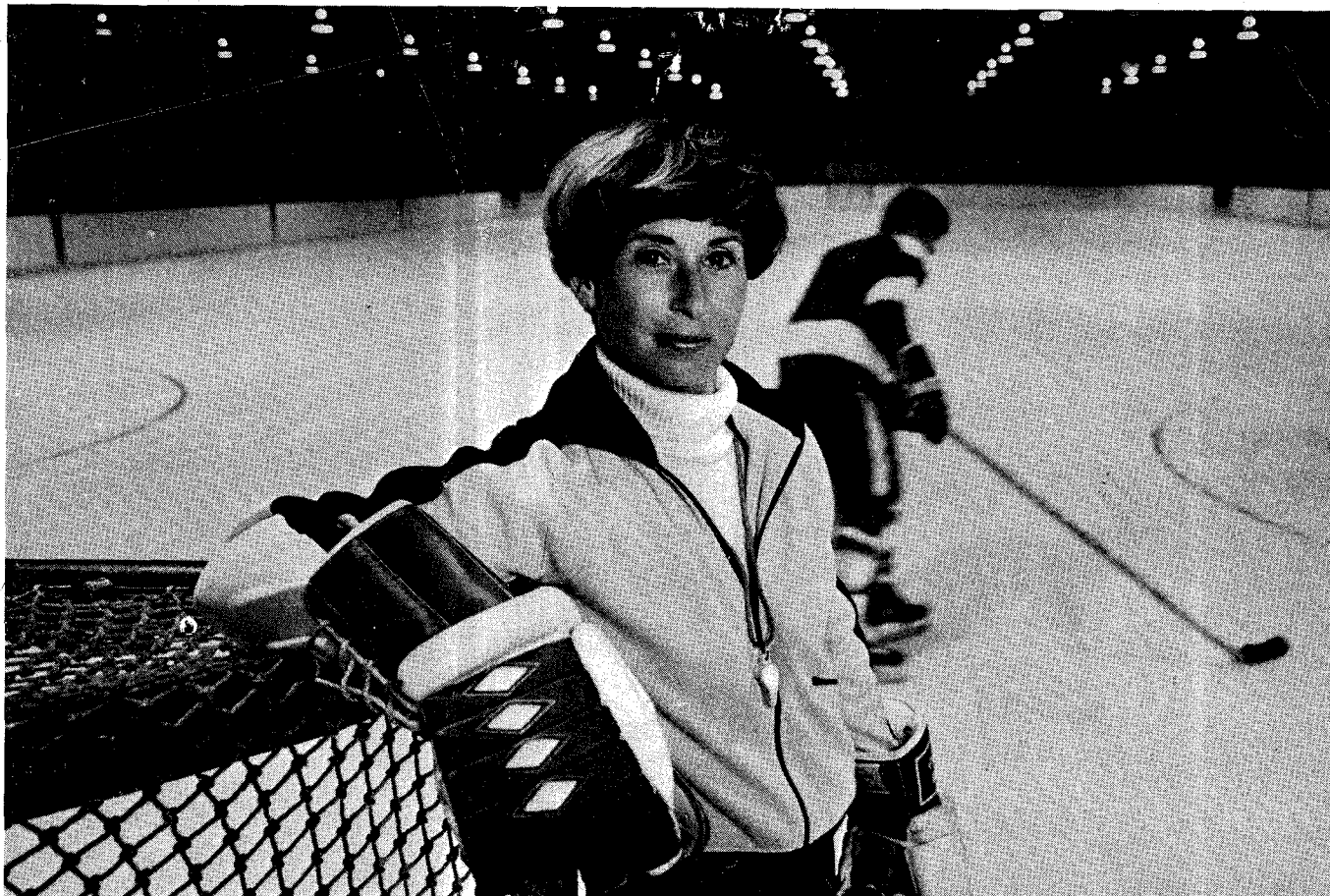
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LAURA STAMM

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Professional ice hockey skating coach

HOBBIES: Tennis, camping, ballet.

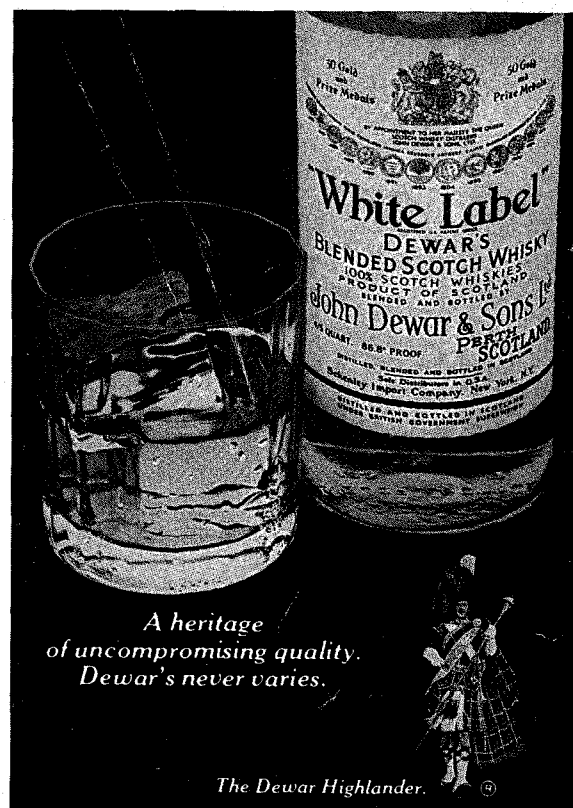
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Plain Speaking" by Merle Miller

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Authored book "Power Skating the Hockey Way."

QUOTE: "The athletes that I coach are concerned only with my improving their performance. To me this implies that the woman's role in sports is finally at the point where it's ability, and no longer sex, that counts."

PROFILE: Outgoing and eager to help. Creates confidence in the people she works with, be it professional athlete or 6-year-old student.

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